MARIA SHARAPOVA, LINDSAY LOHAN AND TONI BRAXTON

HUSTLER

CC 63500

FEBRUARY 2007

REST OF THE WORLD

HOUSE OF WAX
MADAME TUSSAUDS DOES
JENNA JAMESON

NEW EVIDENCE!

OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING
WHAT DID THE GOVERNMENT KNOW?

EXCLUSIVE!

FLAVOR FLAV Q&A
PORN, POLITICS & PUBLIC ENEMY

MIXED MARTIAL ARTS
THE ULTIMATE BRAWL

VICKY VETTE
THE WOMAN BEHIND THE XXX STAR

HOW TO GET DRUGS ON EBAY
AN OPIUM ADDICT REPORTS

SNEAK PEEK!

MEMPHIS MONROE'S APHRODISIAC
HUSTLER'S BIGGEST-BUDGET PORN FLICK EVER

EYE-POPPING COVERBABE

BREA LYNN

FEBRUARY 2007 $8.99

80

0 746665 6

HustlerWorld.com

★ 5 VIDEO GAMES TO PLAY WHEN YOU'RE STONED
★ HARVARD ALUM SUES DAVID HOROWITZ
★ YESTERYEAR'S BUXOM BEAUTIES

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

Horny Mothers Choose Jizz
JIZZ
Rich, Creamy Jizz Penis Butter
Packed With Protein
HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad or a real product, but a real good girl is willing to take the jizz.

HUSTLER

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Jim Chamberlain *Executive Vice-President*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
N. Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Mark Johnson *Asst. Managing Editor/Research Director*
Hans Feuersinger *Features Editor*
Keith Valcourt *Bits & Pieces Editor*
Tom Farrell *Entertainment Editor*
Kevin Wright *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Eric Althoff *Copy Editor*
Tyler Downey *Editorial Assistant*

Art & Design
Nadeen Torio *Creative Director*

Talent
Angel De Fina *Talent Coordinator*
Suzanne Shumway *Talent Relations Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@lfp.com.

Photography
Rick Brenes *Director of Photography*
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*
Marlene Turrietta *Studio Administrator*
Kenneth DeMartines *Production Designer*
Ramon Avelar *Studio Driver/Assistant*
Scott Feek *Construction Coordinator*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*
Lisa Jones *Network Systems Administrator*

Production
Brian Sturzenacker *Production Manager*
Rustin Knudtson *Traffic Coordinator*

Advertising
Allen Maine *National Advertising Director (323-951-7907)*
David Thorn *Advertising Coordinator*
Gina J. Lee *Advertising Production Director*
Wendy Stricke *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*
Lyn Heller *Vice-President, Human Resources*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 33, No. 9, February 2007. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in May, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

Copyright © 2006 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (12 issues). Foreign subscriptions, add $10 U.S. funds. Back issues are $12 to $20 each, postage and taxes included. These prices represent **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is November 14, 2006.

Cover photo by Matti Klatt

Visit HUSTLER Online at ***HustlerWorld.com***

THE CLIMATE OF FEAR

Be afraid, be very afraid. That's the message coming from the Bush Administration. While it is true that there are terrorists who mean us harm—serious harm—the thing I fear most is the Bush Administration itself.

Bush and his minions are using the threat of terrorism to manipulate us into accepting the loss of our civil liberties. If we don't listen to our "leaders," they say, the terrorists will get us. Let us wiretap you. Let us suspend habeas corpus. Grant us the right to torture. Surrender all the things that have made America great, and we will keep you safe.

In 1933 President Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaking about America's Great Depression in his first inaugural address, uttered words that apply just as well to the situation we find ourselves in today: "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance."

So long as we live in fear, the terrorists—and the Bush Administration—have won.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

BOOM BOX ▶

Hey, you. Yes, you, the guy driving around in that expensive car with a cheap factory-installed speaker system. Isn't it time you upgraded your sound? You agree, but aren't sure what to buy? Well, the people at ***Fusion*** have made it simple with an economical, ready-to-install audio system. The **Fusion Bass Pack** features a dual 12-inch-speaker-loaded enclosure (800 watts max), an encounter monoblock amplifier (66 watts max) and an 8-gauge amplifier installation kit (500 watts max). All the components are designed in ***Fusion***'s distinctive neon colors for an extra cool look. Hook it up! Available at ***FusionCarAudio.com***. Suggested retail price: $899.99.

◀ GLOW TO GO

You can share your tunes wherever you go with this highly portable speaker system. The **i.Sound 4X Glow** is compatible with all docking iPods. It has 4 built-in microspeakers with high-quality stereo sound, a wireless remote and custom glow effects. It can also be used with other MP3 units, CD players or audio devices via a standard headphone jack. The foldable design allows you to grab your music and go wherever you want. Available in a white or black casing, the **4X Glow** runs on either AC power cord or 6 AA batteries. Available at ***DreamGear.net***. Suggested retail price: $59.95.

YO, SASQUATCH! ▶

Women don't like back hair, and whether it's a small patch or a full fur coat, you need to do something about it. You could wax it—if you're a sissy. Now with the **Mangroomer** you can shave away your problem hair. With its sleek, over-the-shoulder design you can easily reach all areas of your upper and middle back. The compact unit opens up to 135 degrees and comes with a fully extendable and adjustable handle. Be a man. Pick up the **Mangroomer**. Available at ***Mangroomer.com***. Suggested retail price: $39.95.

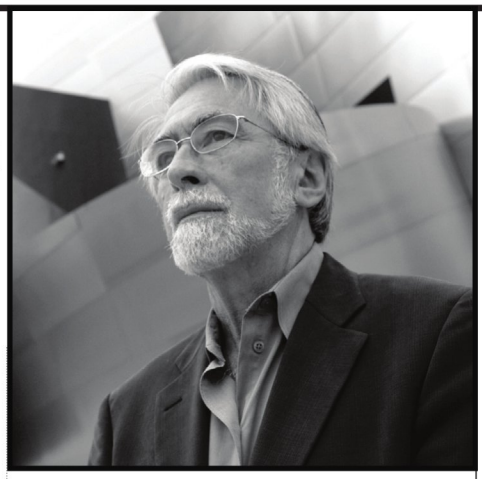
▼ WANNA BOOST?

This pocket-size portable audio amplifier and splitter gives an extra kick to anything that uses headphones. With the **Boostaroo** you can really pump up the volume. It also lets you share your personal music with up to three other people with no loss of sound quality. Just plug the tiny device into any music player, and you're all in tune. Providing up to 36 hours of play on just two AA batteries, the **Boostaroo** is perfect for grueling airplane trips. Available at ***ProTravelGear.com***. Suggested retail price: $26.95.

PUBLIC SPEAKER ▶

If you're looking for a big-sounding, room-filling speaker sound system that uses the latest in flat panel design, then check this out. The **i.sound Harmony Speaker** system features 2 NXT flat panel loudspeakers, subwoofer, iPod stand for all models, bass volume control and 12 watts of total RMS output. You get all this for under a hundred bucks! It can be used with all MP3 players, the PSP, PC, Mac or any other audio device with a standard headphone jack. Available at ***DreamGear.net***. Suggested retail price: $99.

The *Real* Case for IMPEACHMENT



IN SAN DIEGO, I spotted a bumper sticker that should be found and immortalized in the Smithsonian museum as emblematic of the entire reign of Bush the Lesser. It pleaded, "Would someone please give George W. a blowjob so that we can impeach him?"

A plaintive appeal, not likely to be implemented, but directly on target nonetheless. I bring it up to underscore the double standard employed by a cowardly Congress and mainstream media for the five years after 9/11 when, as historians will note with near unanimity, the so-called "War on Terror" became the vehicle for emasculating not only a free press, but all of the other checks on imperial power which the Founding Fathers thought to enshrine in our Constitution.

The media hounded Clinton for years, hot after every sniff of sexual scandal while ignoring the serious problems he attempted to deal with as President—most notably the threat of international terrorism. As a result, the American public came to know in incredible detail of the President's peccadilloes, from the use of a cigar in sexual foreplay to the exact location of the semen that spattered on Monica Lewinsky's infamous blue dress. They described the markings on his penis in detail, yet appeared to know next to nothing about the threat posed by al-Qaeda.

All too aware of the salacious interests of the media, the Republicans out to deny Clinton the fruits of his second-term electoral victory dared to insist that a dalliance with a White House intern rose to the status of "high crimes and misdemeanors" as specified in the Constitution as the basis for impeachment.

When Clinton went after al-Qaeda with 75 to 100 cruise missiles, the media ridiculed him for allegedly trying to "Wag the Dog" to distract attention from the sex scandal so valuable to television and newspaper sales. Reporters were actually watching the DeNiro/Hoffman film about a politician who gins up a phony war to distract the nation from his personal scandal just before Clinton walked into a school gym to announce the strikes in retaliation for al-Qaeda's attack on U.S. embassies in Africa, according to Knight Ridder's Sandy Grady.

Some Republicans were only too happy to jump on the trendy take on the missile strikes on suspected terror operations in Sudan and Afghanistan. "[The President] is under a cloud of doubt. I'm on the Intelligence Committee and this is a total surprise," claimed Indiana Republican Senator Dan Coats, then demanding Clinton's resignation. "I wonder if the President was desperate to avoid his personal problems?"

Back in reality, many key Republicans were, in fact, briefed beforehand on secret intelligence data which supported the President's actions, but still they attacked him. But rather than throw their bipartisan support to Clinton against al-Qaeda, they thought to stoke the ancient charges of Paula Jones, alleging impropriety by Clinton when he was still governor of Arkansas. Clinton was even forced to endure nine hours of humiliating questioning by Jones's counsel during the very hours when he should have been monitoring the results of the raids on al-Qaeda.

Contrast Congress's and the media's bulldog treatment of Clinton's sex life with the sheeplike acquiescence both showed a few years later to Bush's historic abuses of power after 9/11, when the Right insisted that to criticize Bush or his policies was tantamount to treason. "People should watch what they say," said the President's press secretary, while Attorney General John Ashcroft opined that "those who scare peace-loving people with phantoms of lost liberty … only aid terrorists."

This argument of convenience worked to shroud a host of major deceptions concerning the public interest, from the California energy crisis provoked by his old buddy Ken Lay at Enron, the lobbying scandals of Jack Abramoff and Tom DeLay, and, especially, the falsehoods concerning Saddam Hussein's possession of WMD and his fictitious ties to Osama bin Laden. The sordid record of Bush makes the most compelling case yet in U.S. history for impeachment.

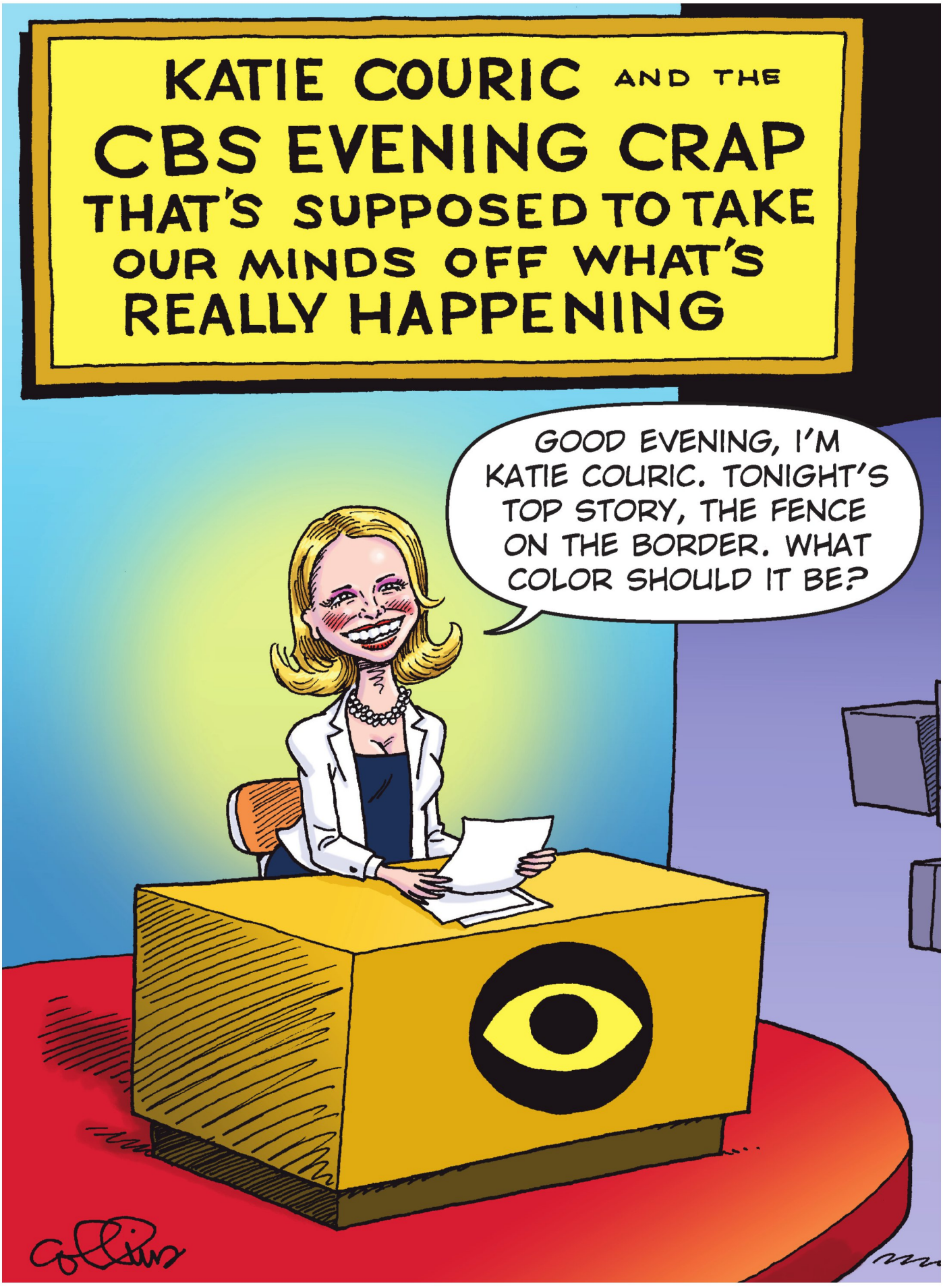
Worse Than Watergate is the all-too-accurate book title of former Nixon White House counsel John Dean. He should know, of course, for he witnessed those crimes from inside the conspiracy. But Dean, only 31 years old at the time, did what nobody high in the Bush Administration has been willing to do: He blew the whistle.

Dean testified that he had warned Nixon that there was "a cancer on the Presidency," although he would not have been believed had the existence of White House tapes not been revealed and had they not contained the words of that conversation exactly as Dean had reported them. Such conversations have no doubt occurred in the inner sanctum of the Bush White House, but the sad truth is that no one has yet exhibited the courage, and sense of responsibility to the American public, as did John Dean.

Yet, it is not too late. If only the media will rise from its slumber and produce a few new Woodwards and Bernsteins, if only a few leading members of Congress with the power to hold hearings and issue subpoenas will exercise their Constitutional obligation to hold the President responsible for his actions, the tide might turn towards accountability. After all, Nixon had been reelected by a massive landslide, not the razor-thin margin enjoyed by Bush—yet his imperial reign was brought to ground. That can happen again, but it will take a tough-minded media and an aroused public to make it happen.

As a result of Bush's hubris, the world that was almost universal in its support of America after 9/11 has been turned against us, and our national security is more threatened than ever. By insisting on invading oil-rich Iraq—which had nothing to do with the 9/11 attack—and embracing torture, Bush alienated the rest of the free world while providing the key recruiting poster for Islamic fanatics bent on our destruction. The deceit that has so weakened us needs to be fully exposed, and the hubris of this President held accountable. It could still happen, but only if the public demands it.

Pulitzer finalist Robert Scheer covered presidential politics for 30 years at the Los Angeles Times. He is the author of six books, including America After Nixon: The Age of the Multinationals and, most recently, Playing President.


KATIE COURIC AND THE
CBS EVENING CRAP
THAT'S SUPPOSED TO TAKE
OUR MINDS OFF WHAT'S
REALLY HAPPENING
GOOD EVENING, I'M KATIE COURIC. TONIGHT'S TOP STORY, THE FENCE ON THE BORDER. WHAT COLOR SHOULD IT BE?

Right on, Larry!

What Larry Flynt said in his *Publisher's Statement* "The Obscenity of War" (Holiday '06) is right on. The government has been hijacked by the Halliburtons, ExxonMobils, Lockheed Martins and all the rest of the American war machine that the idiot puppet, George Bush, represents. The resources of the United States could be used much more effectively for humanitarian purposes in Darfur and other places beset by massive hardship and tragedy, rather than for starting wars that profit self-serving corporations.

—John Feehan
Houston, Texas

Getting Hustled?

I want an explanation from my idol himself, Larry Flynt! Sir, why have you gotten greedy and raised the price of your magazine? It's so good to read HUSTLER again, but at $10.99 a copy, I'm getting concerned. Give me a call or stop by so I can take you out for a beer, and we can discuss this. **—D.C.**
Salt Lake City, Utah

Left Out!

The evolution of HUSTLER is a joke. The magazine once had a great selection of beautiful women and articles of interest to all. Now it has shifted far to the left. There is a glut of cartoons ridiculing the Right, editorials condemning the Bush Administration and far too many opinion articles attacking the Republican Party. I am sure that Democrats aren't HUSTLER's only readers. I strongly urge you to get back to your original tone, or you will risk losing many readers. I am seriously considering canceling my subscription. **—A. Baker**
Bonita Springs, Florida

We'll miss you, Mr. Baker, but you'll miss us more!

HUSTLER Rocks!

I recently received the October '06 issue of HUSTLER, which I read religiously. As usual, it was very good—but wait! What's this?! On page 108, lo and behold, the *Aural Pleasures* section has an article on fucking Godsmack! You fucking rock beyond belief! I've been a fan of Godsmack since the very start of their career.

I am a younger reader of your magazine, and I have noticed a recent trend: You actually have good taste in the bands you write about. You guys don't just follow stupid one-hit wonder pop groups. Leave those to glossy, airbrush magazines like *Playboy*.

You guys make me very proud to be a reader. Every month, the entire magazine just gets better and better. Long live HUSTLER, Larry Flynt and the USA! **— J.P.**
Bay, Arkansas

Crissy Da Bomb!

I just want to send my thanks for all of the beautiful women pictured in HUSTLER Magazine. One standout who comes to mind is porn star Crissy Moran, your December '06 covergirl and centerfold. Thank you, Ladi von Jansky, for a great layout.

Meanwhile, I'd love to see Crissy in action, but the accompanying story failed to mention any of her videos. Could you list a few? **—C.T.**
Morristown, Tennessee

Crissy Moran's XXX videos, as well as those of most performers in the biz, are listed at the Internet Adult Film Database (iafd.com).

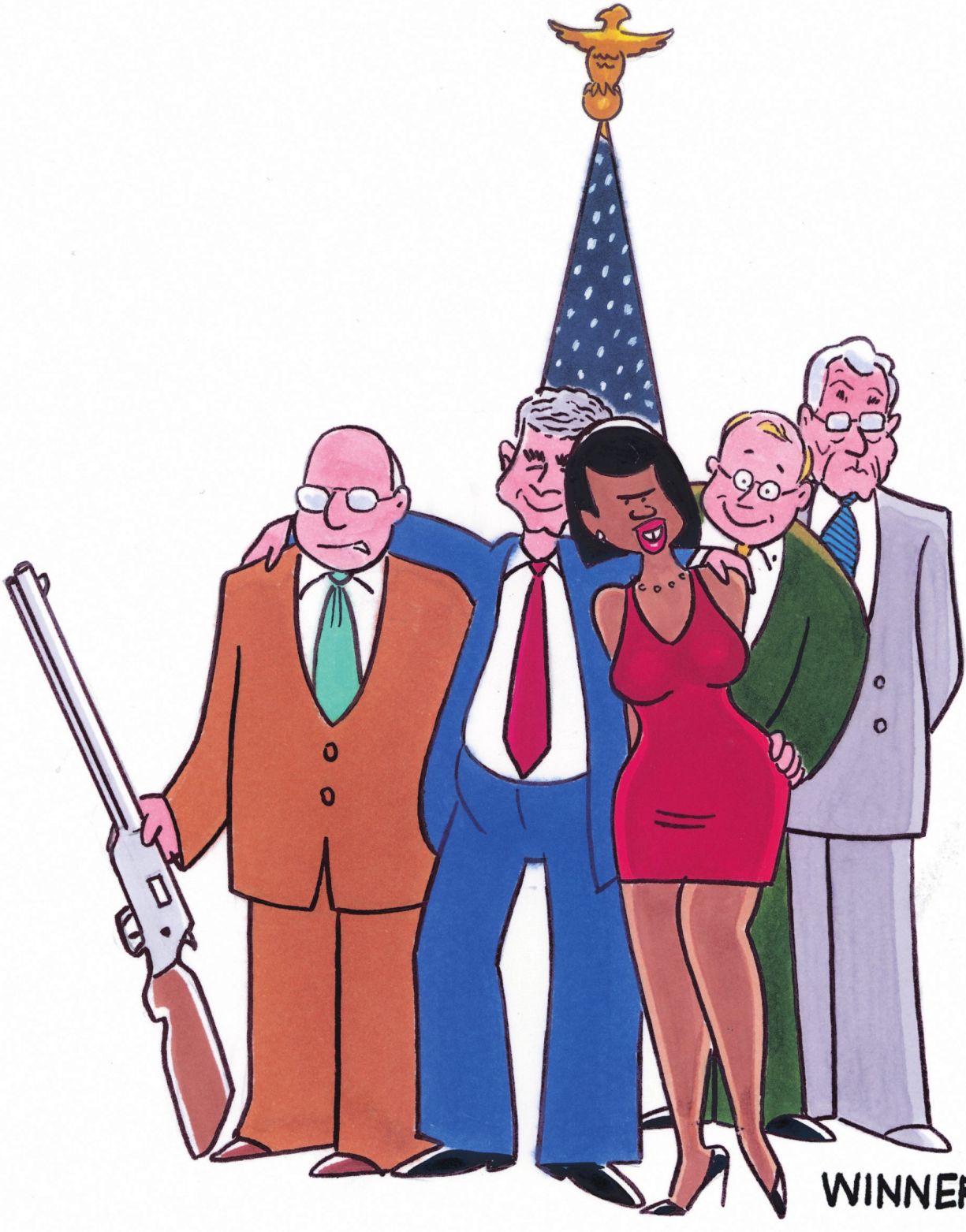
Courtney Cummz

Your December '06 issue gives readers more reasons to rejoice. Laurent Sky seems to have reinvented the fine art of photographing naked women. Sky's explicit pictorials are stunning—his subjects literally oozing sexuality in every picture.

His Courtney Cummz layout was easily December's best. Page after page captured magnificent views of the doll, whose perfectly tanned body is a joy to jerk off to.

Bring Courtney back any time you like—solo, cocksucking or fucking. Your action-packed, sex-filled layouts draw *(continued on page 199)*

Courtney Cummz, a solo model in the December '06 HUSTLER, took on a partner for a May '05 layout.



THE GANG WHO COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT, THINK STRAIGHT, STAND UP STRAIGHT OR KEEP ITS LIES STRAIGHT.

baskin BR robbins

Under New Management.

When you think of us
you think of 31 flavors of delicious ice cream. Even though the Carlyle Group now owns us we will continue that rich and creamy tradition. Don't worry about the fact that they have questionable ties to both Saudi Arabian investors (with terrorist connections) and the Bush family. Or that they were the corporation behind the shady Dubai ports deal. It won't affect your ice cream. It's not like we finance and support suicide bombers. Okay, sure some money may make it into their hands but what can we do? Besides, if the Bush clan doesn't have a problem with it (they'll all major partners in the group), why should you? Just shut up and enjoy your ice cream.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on how the Carlyle Group (owners of Baskin-Robbins, Dunkin' Donuts, Togo's) and their shady Saudi investors may be funneling cash to terrorist's activities. For more info: www.carlylegroup.net

This political parody may be reproduced, in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of LFP Publishing Group or HUSTLER Magazine.

Michelle Malkin

Michelle Malkin, the Filipino-American Ann Coulter, has ended up where all talentless media freaks are welcome: the Fox News network, as a guest pundit. A neofascist whose IQ test would probably have to be calculated in negative integers, Malkin seems to take pleasure in exploiting tragedy.

"Hang the terrorists at Gitmo" is a typical rant. She's also said, "It wouldn't hurt my feelings if we nuked Mecca, got all the filthy Muslims out of their mosques and burned them all to the ground." Malkin exemplifies the worst of American values. Despite having a lifetime pass on the short bus, she really believes that she is a superior human being.

We've got news for ya, Michelle: You are a superior *asshole*, but that's about all.

Malkin once dreamed of becoming a concert pianist, but failed miserably. "I realized I couldn't cut it with piano," she told *National Review Online*. Now the second-rate hack is failing again—as a "journalist."

In 1992, after graduating from Oberlin College, the then-Michelle Maglalang nabbed her first gig. The *Los Angeles Daily News* brought the novice onboard to pen innocuous columns about personal responsibility and the need for smaller government.

A year later she wed college sweetheart Jesse Malkin, a neocon who would become her mentor. Michelle's repugnant evolution from moderate columnist to hard-right bitch had begun.

In 1996 Malkin moved on to the *Seattle Times*, eventually realizing she could gain the public spotlight by being flamboyant and outrageous. In one rancid diatribe she accused Washington State's Democratic attorney general of corruption but never bothered to contact his office. It turned out her allegations were unfounded. Not long after, Malkin left the paper, but she didn't need to be concerned.

Syndicated since 1999, her factually inaccurate columns were delighting conservative Americans from coast to coast. Soon Malkin was fronting for the conservative Heritage Foundation and frequently showing up as an "analyst" on such Fox News programs as *The O'Reilly Factor* and *Hannity & Colmes*.

In 2004 the once-almost-attractive but rapidly aging Malkin exposed herself as an "Aunt Thomasina"—a sellout and a traitor to her race—with the poorly researched book *In Defense of Internment*. Here, Malkin claimed that the incarceration of some 70,000 Asian-American citizens during World War II was a "military necessity."

Experts have concluded that the tome is nothing more than a pathetic attempt to stir up controversy. Despite her Filipino ancestry, Malkin included plenty of racist vitriol, yet little actual documentation. Sure, the best-seller made Malkin a household name, but c'mon. Had a white man been the author, he would have been crucified as a racist.

The self-loathing gook (how's it feel, Michelle?) wouldn't have it any other way. Thriving on the controversy she creates, Malkin vehemently defended the Minuteman "border protection" project even though the participants are primarily white separatists, Ku Klux Klansmen and neo-Nazis. In fact, immigration has become one of Malkin's pet topics.

Did Malkin, who has labeled Hispanic critics "Latino supremacists," forget that her parents are Filipino immigrants? Granted work visas, the Maglalangs settled down in the Philadelphia area in 1970. Dad (later a Reagan Republican) strived to become a doctor, while her Roman Catholic mom was a teacher.

Now daughter Michelle leads the crusade to stop foreigners from entering this country, establishing herself as a bona fide banana—yellow on the outside, white on the inside.

Nobody is safe from Malkin's venom. In her biweekly columns, she claims the American way of life is under attack, threatened by evil liberals out to change the world. Her fiery commentary takes aim at such Progressive causes as protection of the environment and affirmative action.

Let's take a page from other racists of your ilk, shall we, Michelle? If you don't like it here, go back to where your people came from! In fact, those bigoted Minutemen that you support might be very happy to escort you.

A few months ago Malkin was in the news for disclosing the names, phone numbers and e-mail addresses of several University of California, Santa Cruz students who had protested the war in Iraq. Even after the kids were subjected to death threats and abuse, the blogger continued to post their info on her Web site.

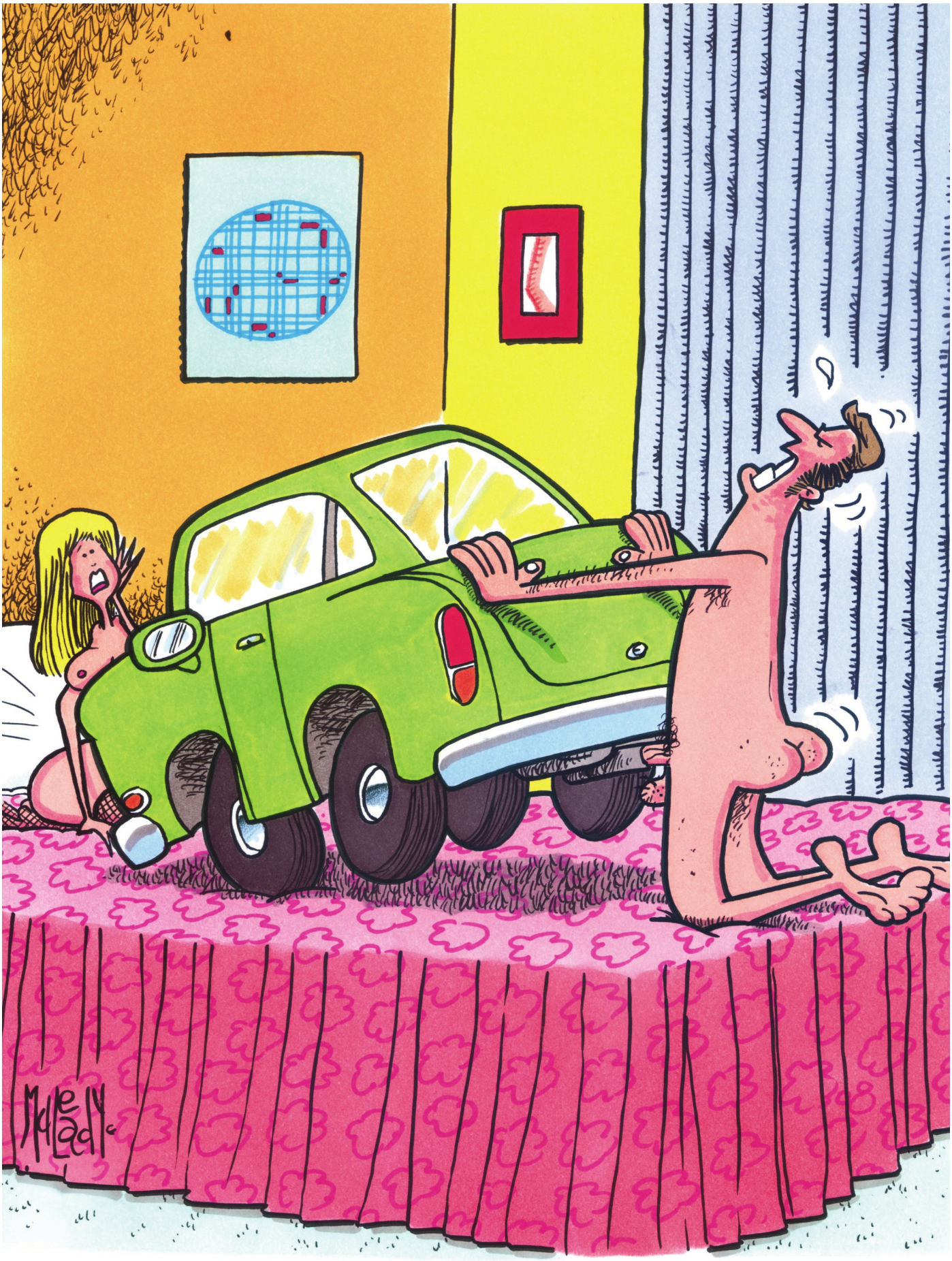
It looks to us as if the talking head likes to play dirty. Well, two can play that game, bitch! Here's Michelle Malkin's most recent address: 19930 Wild Cherry Lane, Germantown, MD 20874. Go to OnePeoplesProject.com for her latest phone number. (It seems to change constantly.)

We encourage our readers to order take-out from her.

Farts in the Wind

Pope Benedict XVI infuriated Muslims worldwide by delivering a speech that quoted a medieval emperor's negative take on the founder of Islam. It seems this idiot Catholic *wants* to start a holy war. Not surprising. Born Joseph Alois Ratzinger, the pontiff has been linked to the Hitler Youth while growing up in Germany, has obstructed sex-abuse inquiries of priests and decries gay marriage. When is this dinosaur gonna croak?

Bob Ney, the six-term Republican Congressman from Ohio, steadfastly denied accepting bribes like trips, meals, sports ducats and casino chips from disgraced lobbyist Jack Abramoff. Well, Ney finally pled guilty to the charges, and prosecutors recommended he serve 27 months in prison. Don't drop the soap, Bobby!



"You never fuck me in the tailpipe anymore!"

"I would say that anything that is indecent and violent in TV is a crime against humanity, and they should shoot the head man responsible." —TED TURNER, NETWORK HEAD

PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Jenna Jameson

Winners galore

PHOTOS BY RICH STEPHENS

Fame Is Fleeting

Jenna Haze

Pirates' Jesse Jane

▶ **F.A.M.E.** (Fans of Adult Media & Entertainment) recently held its first annual awards show as part of the Erotica LA expo. Winners included Jenna Jameson (Favorite Adult Actress, Hottest Body); Alektra Blue and Brandy Talore (Rookie Starlets of the Year); Carmen Luvanna (Favorite Oral Starlet); Stormy (Favorite Breasts); Jenna Haze (Favorite Butt); Taylor Rain (Favorite Anal Starlet); and *Pirates* (Favorite Feature Movie). Remember, ladies, fame is fleeting. So put that handsome hardware on a shelf and get back to work. The porn is not going to make itself.

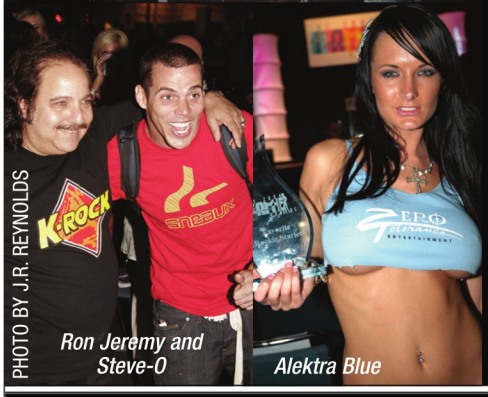


PHOTO BY J.R. REYNOLDS

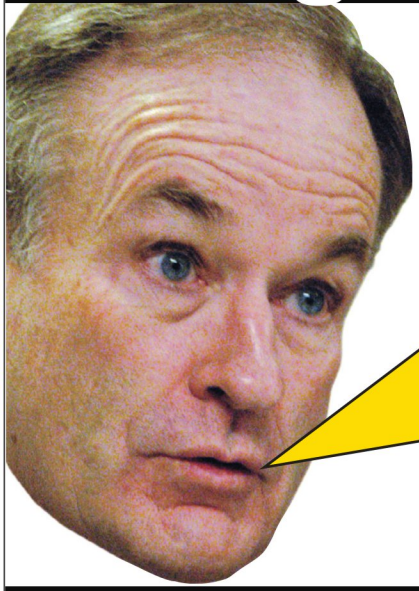
Ron Jeremy and Steve-O

Alektra Blue

ClubJenna delights

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately

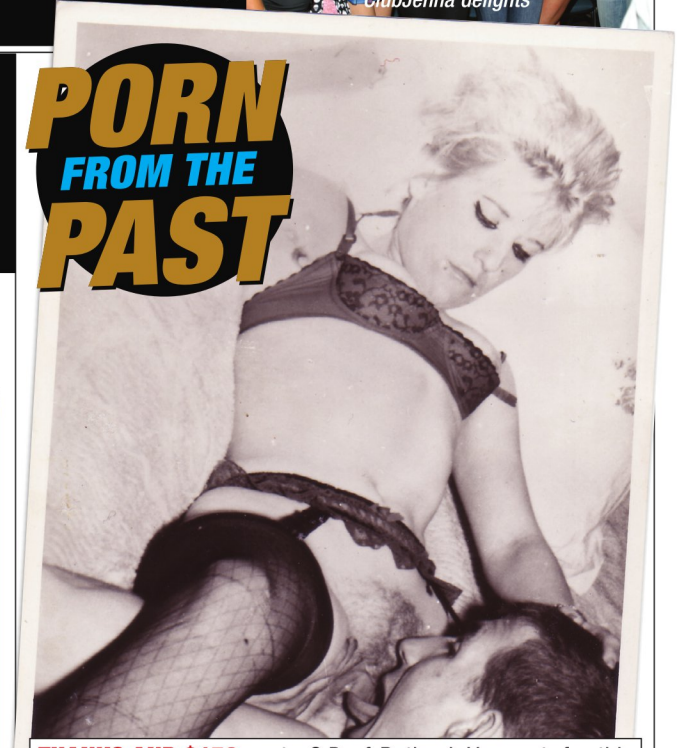
O'Reilly looking for some love from Ann Coulter?



The thing I thought that was beyond the pale was saying [the 9/11 widows] enjoyed their husbands' demise. But here's the difference between Franken and Coulter: Coulter doesn't lie.

So what part of that she-male witch's bullshit was true again?

PORN FROM THE PAST



THANKS AND $150 go to C.P. of Rutland, Vermont, for this "mouthwatering" photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD Tori Spelling LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

HOW SAD that the poor little rich girl's TV executive dad died. No more acting work. No more fame. Worst of all, no more money. It seems Tori got only a measly $1 million in the will. She must be really depressed and hurting. We hope a juicy johnson will ease some of her pain.

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Tori Spelling actually exists. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. Do not masturbate to this picture.

SEX AS A WEAPON?

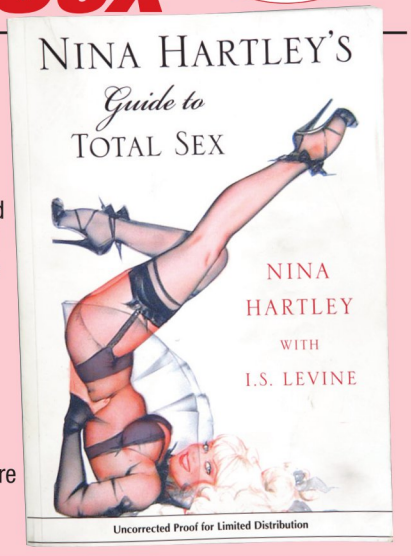
WHEN A VISUAL ARTS COLLEGE in New York City asked students to turn M16 assault rifles into "more pleasurable items" for its "Disarm...New Year, New Use" exhibit, Laurie Elyse knew what to do. The artist/dancer attached a phallic sex toy to the end of the barrel. After all, she figured, "What is more pleasurable than a vibrator?" Unfortunately, the gallery got gun-shy and only displayed her lurid creation behind a wall, along with a warning plaque. Check out the talented young lady's portfolio at **LaurieElyse.com**.

HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Nina Hartley's Guide to Total Sex

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

PORN GODDESS NINA HARTLEY knows a little something about sex. Okay, that's an understatement. With a body of work (*ahem*) that spans several fuck-filled decades, she's now decided to share her vast knowledge in another book. Co-written by her husband, I.S. Levine, Hartley's latest literary endeavor covers everything you wanted to know about sex (and several facets you didn't know existed), but were afraid to ask. Available at bookstores everywhere.



Sign of the Times

IN THIS FAST-PACED WORLD, there are a few things you may want to slow down for. Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, you'll get a signed check for a hundred bucks.

"Winning isn't everything. It's the only thing" —VINCE LOMBARDI, FOOTBALL COACH

NEWSBITES

Sticky Nut

A Croatian man got a nasty surprise after skinny-dipping in the sea off Valalta. Basking naked on a deck chair to dry off, the sun-worshipper noticed that his testicles were stuck in the slats. Seems his nuts had shrunk while in the cool water and then slipped into the crevice. Once his tiny testes warmed up, they swelled to normal size and became jammed. The immodest man was finally freed after beach maintenance cut the chair in half. A guy swimming nude and then sitting around outside in the raw? That took balls.

Tits for Hits

Every man dreams of having a threesome, and one English dude is just 4,750,000 Internet hits away from making that happen. A former cricket player has struck a deal with his 21-year-old girlfriend, who agreed to allow another chick into one of their sex sessions if his Web site attracted 5 million visitors. A threesome for an ungodly number of hits? We only had to hit on maybe seven women before we found one willing to add another gal to the mix. Then again, we work at HUSTLER.

His Penis Is the Bomb

When screeners at Chicago's O'Hare Airport discovered an odd-looking device in the baggage of a passenger bound for Turkey, they were baffled. So the snoops simply questioned the visibly nervous man, who told them it was a bomb. It turns out the mysterious black tube was part of a penis pump. So why the big lie? Because the timid fellow didn't want his mother, with whom he was traveling, to know about his sex toy. The poor guy now faces up to three years in a federal prison. That much time in the slammer should get a rise out of his limp dick.

Officer Down

A police officer in the sleepy town of Hugo, Oklahoma, was fired recently after an incriminating photo of him surfaced. What was so egregious about the snapshot? Oh, nothing really—just the cop engaging in "ticket avoidance sex" with a female driver. Turns out this practice is illegal and grounds for immediate dismissal. Wait! If fornicating with a motorist can cause a lawman to lose his job, then how is your mom ever going to get out of a speeding ticket again?

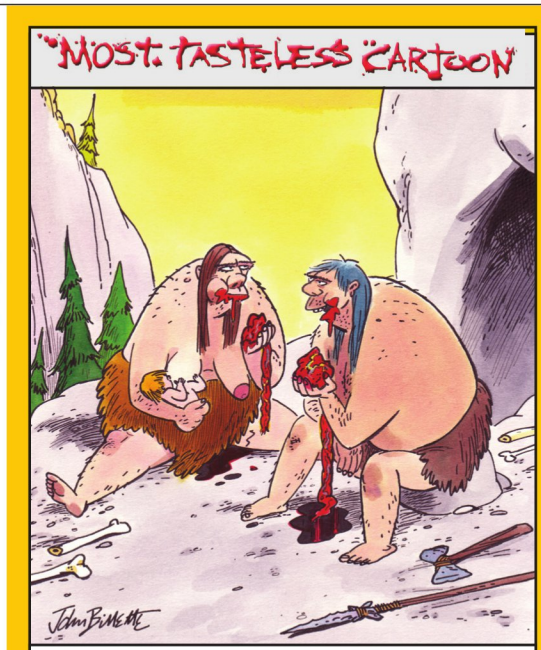
DISCOUNTED DEATH

CONSUMERS HEAD TO discount warehouse clubs like Costco for 42 pounds of pork loin, a couple of dozen light bulbs or industrial-size jars of mayonnaise. But caskets?!

Seen here is a real flyer picked up at a Costco outlet in Southern California. We wonder if a discount is provided for buying in bulk. If so, the Pentagon might be interested in buying some for soldiers killed in Iraq.

DOING the DOG

SOME PEOPLE LOVE THEIR PETS, and pets love them back. Other critters simply love each other. Thanks to HUSTLER reader R.J. for this shot of doggy 69.



"Mmmm, delicious placenta, sweetheart!"

"If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with." —RONALD REAGAN, U.S. PRESIDENT

HUSTLER contract girls Mya Luanna, Shy Love and Memphis Monroe (far right) hang with Eddie Van Halen.

PHOTO BY TOM FARRELL

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love

IT WAS JUST ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT in the Hollywood Hills as rock legend Eddie Van Halen opened his house to 500 or so of his closest adult-entertainment pals. The party was to celebrate Van Halen's collaboration on the Ninn Works DVD *Sacred Sin*, for which he composed two songs. A gaggle of porn chicks showed up to party with the legendary guitarist, notably all three HUSTLER contract girls: Mya Luanna, Shy Love and Memphis Monroe. The bash culminated with a live performance by The Starfuckers, an all-star cover band featuring Dizzy Reid (Guns 'N Roses) on keyboards and Eric Dover (Jellyfish, Imperial Drag) on vocals. Eddie ultimately joined in, shredding the Van Halen classics "Eruption," "Panama" and "Jump," along with The Kinks' "You Really Got Me" and Billy Idol's "White Wedding." The unforgettable affair was filmed for a future DVD release, and did we mention that we got to party at Eddie Van Halen's house?!

200+ SNAPSHOTS OF SNATCH-FLASHING NEWBIES
HUSTLER BEST OF BEAVER HUNT
ASHLEY
DIXIE HOTTIE SPREADS LIKE A PRO!
LARISSA
"I'M ONLY 18—WANNA SEE MORE?!"
AMATEURS SUPERSIZED BONUS DVD
EXCLUSIVE: MOM & DAUGHTER NUDE ALBUM

PUSSY GALORE!

HUSTLER BEST OF BEAVER HUNT always flies off the rack, so don't miss out on the latest edition—starring 2006 Finalist Ashley. To feast your eyes on naughty legal teens, smart-looking coeds, uninhibited 9-to-5ers and mesmerizing MILFS (including the mother-daughter duo of Juliet and Charissa), *head* to your favorite newsstands pronto!

That New Race Car Smell

HIGH-PERFORMANCE sports car manufacturer Lotus has released cologne, and no, it doesn't smell like an auto mechanic's ass. Named Lotus, the lemony fragrance is a top seller in England. Why do we care? Actually, we don't. We just needed an excuse to run a photo of supermodel Joanna Krupa holding something.

THE HUSTLER LIFESTYLE IS HERE!

HustlerWorld.com

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
Hustler.com
BarelyLegal.com
BustyBeauties.com
HustlersTaboo.com
HometownGirls.com
AsianFever.com

VIDEO ON DEMAND
HustlerVOD.com

LIVE VIDEO CHAT + WEBCASTS
HustlerLive.com
BarelyLegalLive.com

AFFILIATE MARKETING
HustlerCash.com
HustlerContent.com

RETAIL
HustlerHollywood.com

ONLINE GAMING
HustlerCasino.com

INFORMATION SITES
LarryFlynt.com
HustlerBarAndGrille.com
HustlerCasinoLA.com
HustlerClubs.com
HustlerClothingUS.com

"Money talks. The more money, the louder it talks." —ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN, MASTERMIND OF THE 1919 BLACK SOX SCANDAL

IT'S A BUST!

IT MAY NOT BE ART, but it sure is something. Created by Daniel Edwards, this bust of former First Lady and current U.S. Senator Hillary Clinton was recently unveiled at the Museum of Sex in New York City. The sculptor previously stirred controversy by rendering songbird Britney Spears giving birth.

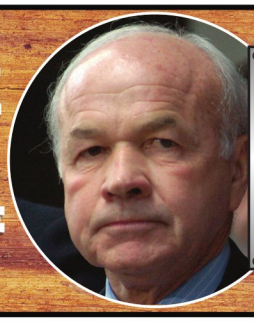
NEWS BABES

OUR LATEST OFFERING is **Jessica Miles** from Channel 5 Eyewitness News in Minneapolis. Thanks to R.G. for finding this beauty who makes great eye candy for hard-hitting stories.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to: HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is printed here, you'll garner a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

HUSTLER

WILL NOT INTERVIEW THE FOLLOWING CELEBRITIES BECAUSE THEY ARE DEAD.



KEN LAY
Ran out of energy.

SYD BARRET
Pink Floyd songwriter currently decomposing.

PATSY RAMSEY
Like daughter, like mother.

JENNA'S HOUSE PARTY

Ms. Jameson leads the way.

Dance, bitches!

WHEN YOU'RE THE BIGGEST NAME in adult entertainment, you never need a reason to party. Case in point: Jenna Jameson and her luscious ClubJenna Girls getting down and dirty at the Pangaea/Gryphon nightclub in Hollywood, Florida. The celebration featured wall-to-wall porn stars dancing and reveling till 5 in the morning. Wish you'd been there? So do we, but our invitation must have gotten lost in the mail.

Nice balloons, Sophia Rossi.

Mya Luanna and Memphis Monroe shake it in Florida too.

PHOTOS BY ROBERTO SANTIAGO

A.J. BAILEY

MAKING A SPLASH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

A.J. BAILEY

Many of you have already seen A.J. Bailey in these pages, but you probably didn't recognize her. The statuesque newbie appeared completely nude and covered in body paint as a mime in our Slitoids parody ad (November '06). Afterward, the enthusiastic model drove away from the HUSTLER studios while wearing only flip-flops and a big smile. With such a carefree attitude and frivolous nature, we were confident she'd be back.

Months later, with this feature pictorial in the can, we reconnect. Fittingly, A.J. is once again on the move, but no longer needs to remain "mimely" silent. "I'm packing up my apartment as we speak," the funny lady huffs. "I'm moving to Scotland for a little while. I think there's some Gypsy blood in my veins that makes me move and travel so much." Why Scotland, we wonder. "I met this really cute guy," she explains, "and let's just say he has a lot going on under his kilt."

So what's in store when this comely lass is up for a serious boning? "Wow!" she exclaims. "I pretty much like it all, but my favorite position is reverse cowgirl. That's when you ride a guy's cock while facing his feet. It gets me off in a big way. I also love the taste of cum. If I can't get a lover to shoot some into my mouth, then I'm doing something wrong."

Wandering to her most intimate desires, A.J. sparkles: "My ultimate fantasy involves a rock star, three or so hot chicks, a fireplace, bottles and bottles of champagne, strawberries, a ton of lube and porn on the TV." Just three other hotties? "Okay, maybe more," A.J. reckons. "I love being bi and screwing around with chicks. The more the merrier!"

Does relocating mean that A.J. is leaving the skin biz for good? "Oh, I'll be back," she assures us. "I haven't done all I want to do in this industry yet. As long as it's fun and hot, I'm into it. Oh, yeah, I'll be back!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A.J. BAILEY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Granada Hills, California

AGE
27

BIRTH SIGN
Virgo

EYES
blue

HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-8

WEIGHT
125

MEASUREMENTS
34C-26-33

SEDUCTION IN THE CARDS

It was everything I had ever dreamed of— the perfect honeymoon. We were making love on a tropical beach in Aruba. A warm breeze brushed our bare skin, and the surf pounded rhythmically as background music.

Thomas was kissing his way down my body, taking his sweet time about it. He lingered over each breast, sucked my nipples achingly erect. Tonguing lines up and down my stomach, he moved steadily lower. Reaching my trimmed thatch of curls, he planted sucking kisses over the cleft. I held my breath, anticipating the feel of a tongue on my labes, but Thomas made me wait....

Yes, it was the perfect honeymoon in *almost* every way. You see, Thomas wasn't my husband. The guy I'd actually married, Al, was with the new love of his life, Caribbean stud poker. The morning after we'd officially consummated our vows, he dashed off to the hotel's casino. By dinnertime he'd won around $7,000. As the chips piled up, Al was hooked. I might as well have been a widow.

I'd known Al all my life. High school sweethearts, we went off to the same college, and I guess everyone—including myself—expected us to go down the aisle. He was the only man I had ever made love to and the only person I'd ever wanted to know me in the biblical sense. That is, until Thomas found me.

I was moping around by the pool, tracing lazy figure eights in the water with one foot, when the most handsome black man I had ever seen sat down close beside me. At first he didn't say a word, just nudged his thigh against mine. I swear, I could feel an electrical charge.

When the gentleman introduced himself, his Caribbean accent thrilled me. It wasn't long before we were drinking exotic rum concoctions out of coconuts. Thomas's constant compliments had me feeling beautiful and sexy. It wasn't that I'd forgotten about Al, but after a few cocktails I got to thinking, *Fuck it! I'm going to have some fun too.* And Thomas's low, rumbling voice, his strong, glistening chest, his big hands and muscular thighs—*mmmm*, they got to me.

We took off for a stroll down the beach—harmless enough, really, until Thomas kissed me, and a hunger welled up inside me unlike anything I had ever known. I practically tackled him to the sand and tugged at his shorts, and that's when the ebony Adonis took control.

His hands beneath my ass, Thomas was finally tonguing my fat pussy folds, lapping from my rosebud to my love button. Sex with Al had never been like this. My clit was literally pulsing, and my nipples tingled as well. The second Thomas's tongue slipped inside me, I was coming. Damn, so this was what an orgasm was like—powerful, all-consuming. My world stood still, then exploded!

Thick fingers pushed inside me as Thomas's mouth moved up to my clit. He sucked the nubbin hard, and I was climaxing again. This was good!

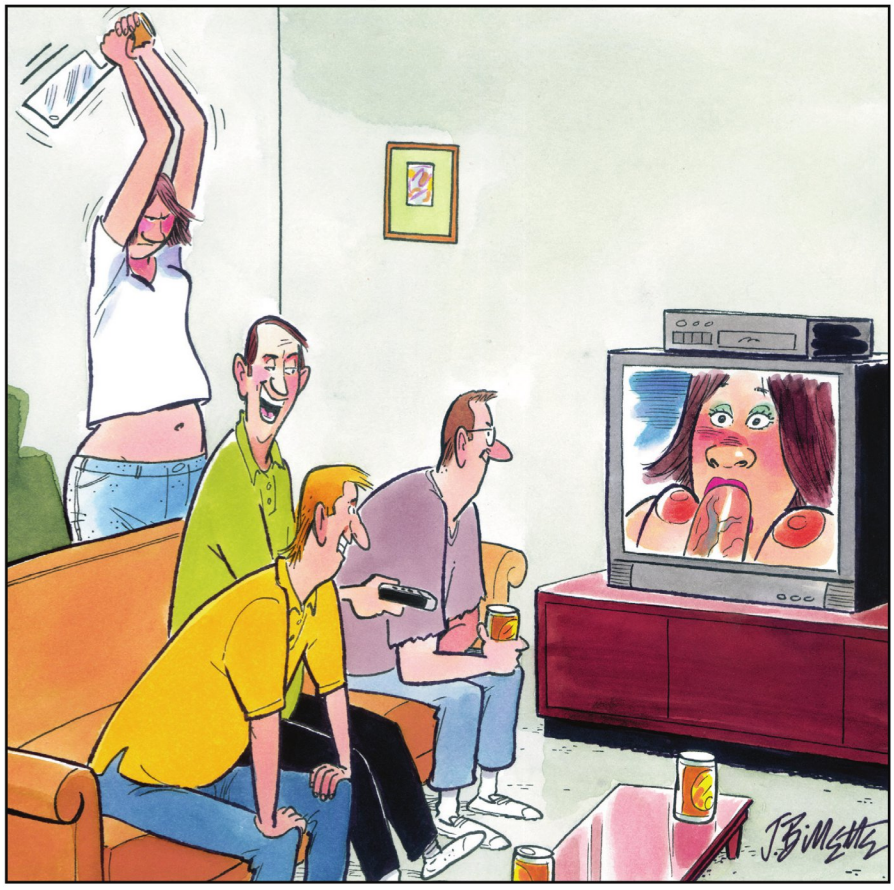
As soon as my climax ebbed, all I could think of was pleasing my new lover, but Thomas insisted that I just lie back and enjoy. I watched him pull off his shorts, revealing his long, thick, magnificent cock. I was panting, I wanted it so badly, and he quickly obliged.

In one long, smooth lunge, his hard-on jammed nuts-deep into my juicy cunt. Right from the start he was boning me fast, wonderfully filling my twat. Wrapping my legs around his back, I met him thrust for thrust. I felt like an animal—wild, crazed, gasping for air.

I had more climaxes than I thought possible—trembling, bucking my hips, lapping at the sweat on Thomas's chest. I could tell he was about to come soon, but I didn't make him pull out. I wanted to feel his sperm deep inside me, and it felt fuckin' glorious! So warm.

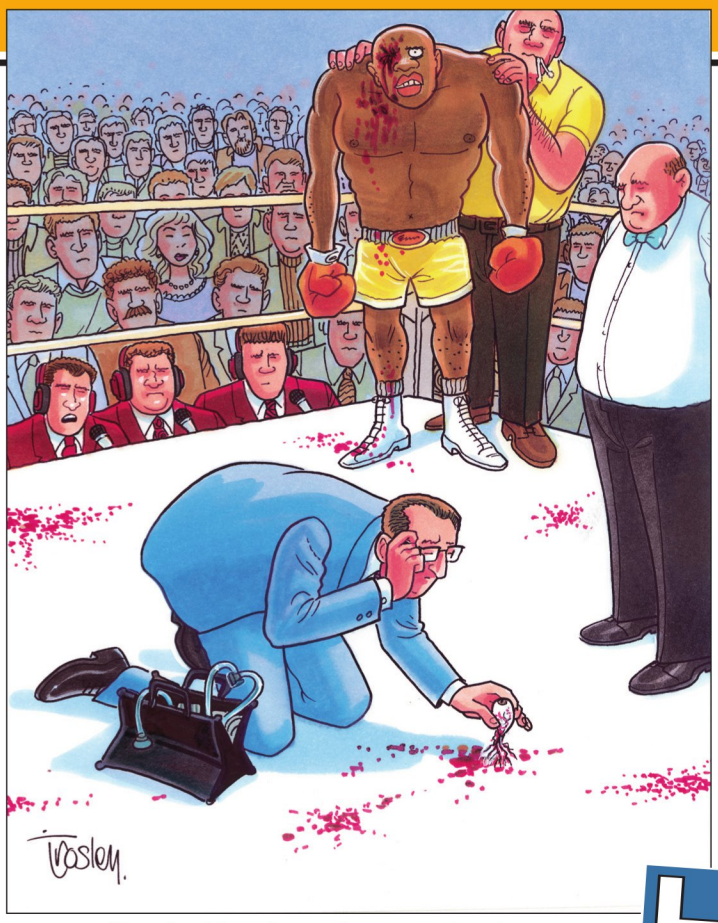
It was dark by the time I sauntered back to the honeymoon suite, and I was just stepping out of the shower when Al finally showed up. I welcomed hubby with a loving kiss and told him I wanted to return to Aruba every year, for our wedding anniversary. —D.A.

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

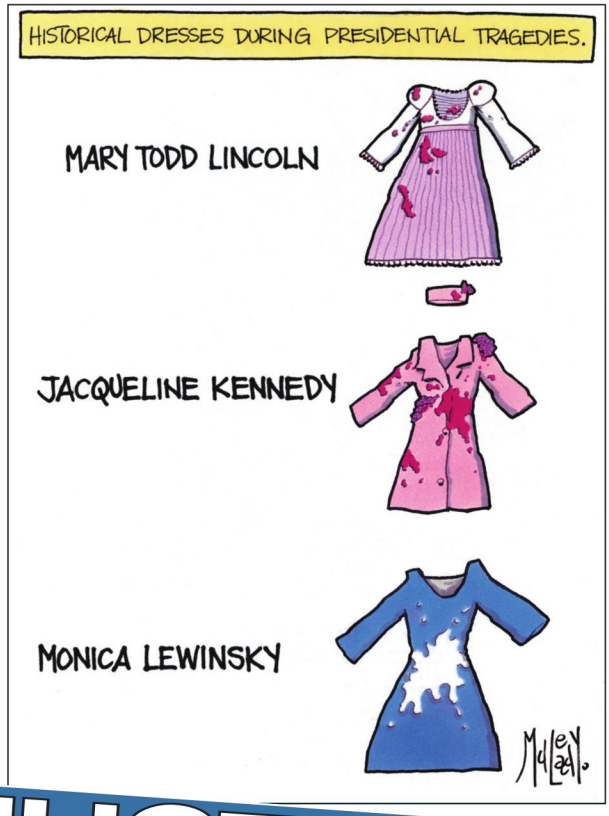


"And watch this, guys! I didn't warn the wife I was gonna come in her mouth—and the jizz shoots out of her nose!"

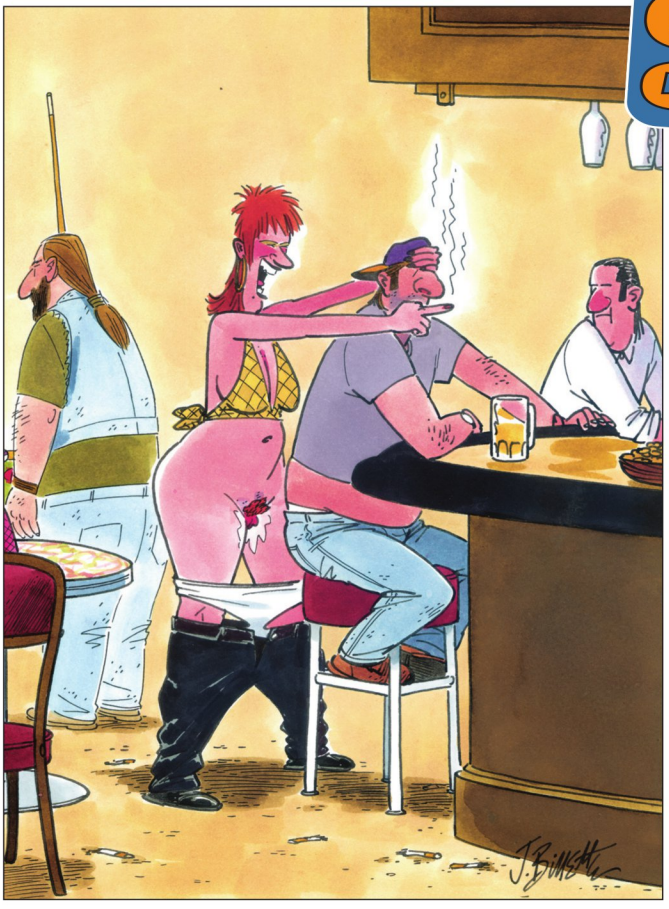
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Looks like the ref wants the doctor to take another look at the champ's eye!"



HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Guess who!"

BY TOM FARRELL

GAME ON

DREAMING OF ONIMUSHA

Onimusha: Dawn of Dreams, **Capcom's** latest entry in its award-winning ***Onimusha*** franchise, features unbelievable graphics, a new fighting system and new expansive environments that give a fresh look to this incredible action RPG. Set in the Far East in a martial arts milieu, ***Onimusha*** places you in charge of a hero bent on thwarting the forces of evil—that means plenty of colorful artists that you get to kick the crap out of in an elegant and unforgettable fighting system.

WWII—THE BIG ONE

Don't light up for this one—you're going to need all of your senses and wits to play the award-winning strategic PC game ***Gary Grigsby's World at War***, from Matrix and 2by3games. ***GG's WaW*** places you at the helm of one of five superpowers, allowing you to command armies, manage factories and supplies, either against other players or a challenging computer AI. The game provides you with four WWII scenarios playable in 38 different countries. There are 15 different unit types encompassing air, sea and land. There's even weather effects, which makes playing Russia a good bet. Highly recommended.

FOREPLAY WITH XAVIX

We'd all love to spend more time on the links, and with ***XaviX Golf***, you can hit the virtual greens come rain or shine. The XaviX port is a unique game console that employs infrared motion detector technology that allows you to emulate sporting activities. ***XaviX Golf*** arms you with two interfaces—a driver and a putter, and then sets you into a virtual golf course. Using its swing sensor, the XaviX system mirrors your motions—swinging when you swing, putting when you putt. Your motions are read by the sensor, and the results appear on the screen as if you really hit the ball. The game allows you to play on an 18-hole virtual golf course, or you can take a hole-in-one challenge. Play with three buddies or face off against the system.

FIVE GREAT GAMES TO PLAY WHEN YOU'RE STONED

Let's be honest—there are hordes of people out there who light up and play, and when you're bootin a doojie, you don't want to reach for a game where you have to memorize twenty keypad commands or study the play manual like it's a college exam. So here're five games you can sink your thumbs into when you're not able to get into the complexities of a game that requires you go back to college to learn to play it.

Sony's ***LocoRoco*** is the most adorable thing to come out of Japan since **Sailor Moon**. The game puts you in charge of cute creatures called LocoRoco that sing funny little songs that are funnier than **Shonen Knife** and are armed with catchier tunes. Simple, addictive and more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Your primary controls are the LEFT and RIGHT buttons on the PSP (the only system that hosts ***LocoRoco***) which you use to roll your LocoRoco (after you've rolled your loco motta) through obstacles and pathways. All the while, you're being entertained by some of the funniest music you've ever heard.

Sony's revamped ***Lemmings*** for PS2 and PSP lets you take the experience on the road. You're in charge of a group of cuddly lemmings that you must guide through perils such as spike pits, lava traps, cliffs, etc. There're 150 colorful levels, cool tunes and lots of humorous puzzles that don't require buckets of brain activity.

Namco's ***Katamari*** series follows the same path. This time, you have to roll a large ball around a series of areas (bedrooms, playrooms, outdoors, etc.) and pick things up. That's it. And the music, which rivals ***LocoRoco***, sounds like it came out of a Japanese game show. It sounds deceptively simple, but the ***Katamari*** series is as utterly addictive as it is mindless. Great fun. We recommend the version for PS2.

Here's a blast from the past—***Mario Kart 64*** for the **Nintendo 64** allows you and three of your lit-up buddies to enjoy the colorful graphics and funky tunes as you race around track after track dodging banana peels and tortoise shells. Hours and hours of racing fun that will keep your butt planted firmly on the sofa, and out of real traffic.

Another blast from the past—and we mean "blast" for this one: **ID Software**'s classic shooters, ***Doom*** and ***Doom II***, the two ultimate frag games. You'll spend days in a daze enjoying the mindless killing, blood-spattered old-school graphics, monstrous sound effects and blazing techno. Just point and shoot! You can get ***Doom I*** and ***II*** from **idsoftware.com**, or on ***Ultimate Doom*** for Xbox (***Ultimate Doom*** contains the three original ***DOOM*** episodes—the first of which was shareware—plus a new fourth episode called "Thy Flesh Consumed") or through a recently added downloadable version from **Xbox Live Arcade**, which is ***Ultimate Doom*** developed for Xbox 360 with added enchancements. This includes allowing people to play 4-player co-op or death match over Xbox Live.

Needless to say, any old-school games like ***Joust***, ***Pac-Man***, ***Battlezone***, etc., fit the bill. Many gaming companies, like **Tatio**, **Capcom**, **Midway** and more, have released their classics for modern consoles like Xbox. But if you ***really*** want the ultimate old-school arcade gaming experience, invest in the ***X-Arcade Machine 2.0***, which packs in 190 classic video games.

WHAT IS IT, LASSIE? WHAT'S WRONG?
DONALD RUMSFELD HAS TOTALLY MISMANAGED THE WAR FROM DAY ONE, AND BUSH HAS LOST IT! HE'S UNABLE TO FIRE HIM!
BARK!
BARK!
BARK!

HUSTLER EXCLUSIVE!

Is this the same man? McVeigh in custody (left) in 1996 and the Camp Grafton "parts clerk" (right) in 1993.

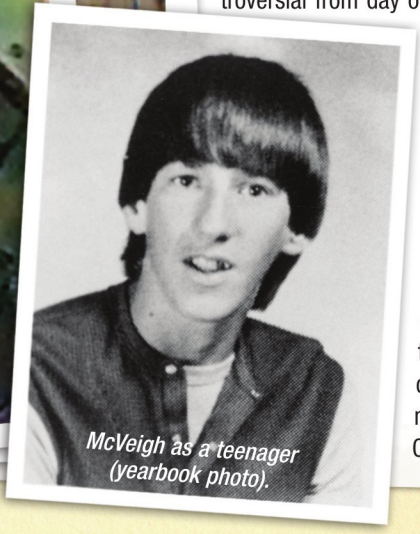
McVeigh at a 1995 meeting with his attorneys.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS! ★ EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS! ★ EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS!

BY MARK JOHNSON
& BRYAN SACKS

NEW OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING EVIDENCE: WAS THERE A GOVERNMENT COVERUP?

PREVIOUSLY UNSEEN PHOTOS OF TIMOTHY MCVEIGH AND NEWLY RELEASED FBI DOCUMENTS PROVE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT CONCEALED KEY EVIDENCE IN THE 1995 OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING.



McVeigh as a teenager (yearbook photo).

STARTLING NEW EVIDENCE has blown a hole in the FBI's official theory about the blast that destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City and killed at least 168 people.

HUSTLER has obtained previously unseen video footage showing convicted and executed bomber Timothy McVeigh undergoing military training in 1993—at a time when the FBI claims he had no military affiliations.

In Utah a judge issued a ruling in 2006 stating that the FBI had documented foreknowledge of McVeigh's movements and of the April 19, 1995 attack. The ruling has prompted two U.S. Congressmen—Republicans Henry Hyde of Illinois and Dana Rohrabacher of California—to call for new hearings and for the release of suppressed FBI documents.

The new evidence raises chilling questions: What would McVeigh have been doing at a military training center less than two years prior to the bombing? How could the FBI not have known about his presence there if it had been tracking McVeigh and his fellow extremists?

The FBI's investigation of the bombing has been controversial from day one. After initially considering several suspects, the agency abruptly dropped important leads. It ignored evidence and witness statements regarding the "others unknown" referred to in the original indictment of McVeigh. Government investigators and prosecutors opted to construct a case against McVeigh as a lone bomber. They then actively covered up or disregarded anything that might have contradicted their case. For the FBI and the mainstream media, the story of the Oklahoma City bombing ended with the execution of McVeigh by lethal injection on June 11, 2001.

But independent researchers seeking the whole truth have since uncovered a mountain of evidence excluded from the official story.

The most comprehensive independent investigation to date remains the review undertaken by the Oklahoma City Bombing Investigation Committee (OKCBombing.org), which published its final report in 2001. The committee was composed of four highly respected Oklahomans, including former state Representative Charles Key (who was, at press time, well on track toward regaining his seat in the midterm elections).

The OKBIC's exhaustive research led it to conclude that McVeigh's activities prior to the bombing had not been adequately investigated or explained. Noting the "others unknown," the group also determined that McVeigh and his convicted accomplice, Terry Nichols, were not the only persons knowingly involved in the crime. McVeigh's defense lawyer, Stephen Jones, had previously reached the same conclusion and has told HUSTLER he still maintains that view.

According to Key, "There is overwhelming evidence that many of those guilty of involvement in the Oklahoma bombing have gone unpunished."

"JUST A PARTS CLERK"

On August 3, 1993—about 18 months before the Oklahoma City bombing—Chicago-based screenwriter William Bean was scouting locations at Camp Grafton, North Dakota, for a movie project he was pitching to Hollywood executives. While videotaping various areas of the remote Army National Guard training base, he happened to capture on tape—for about 15 seconds—a young soldier re-parking and servicing a military transport vehicle. Bean's voice can be heard asking him what he does. The soldier, who clearly tries to avoid being filmed, answers, "I'm just a parts clerk."

Bean says that he didn't know what he had until years after the bombing, when he was showing the footage to a friend, who noticed that the "parts clerk" looked eerily familiar.

Professional face and voice analyses of Bean's tape have since lent overwhelming credence to the view that the young soldier depicted is none other than Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh. The militant would have been 25 years old at the time.

The authenticity of Bean's tape has been verified by independent examinations. In addition to confirmation that Bean was shooting at Camp Grafton on the day in question, analyses of McVeigh's face and voice characteristics have further bolstered the new evidence.

Dr. Michael Blomgren, a voice-analysis specialist at the University of Utah's Department of Communication Services and Disorders, has run the tape's audio through a series of tests. According to Blomgren, comparisons with known recordings of McVeigh's voice show a near-perfect match, with the same distinctive voice characteristics occurring in both samples. Blomgren's tests resulted in "positive identification," making it almost certain that the man in the footage is McVeigh.

Visual analysis of the tape, which was slightly hampered because it was a duplicate, has also resulted in authentication. (Bean alleges that the original cassette was stolen from his car.) The tape is time-stamped "3 Aug 93," with no evidence of tampering. There is also clear consistency of picture detail from shot to shot.

McVeigh's defense lawyer, Stephen Jones, told HUSTLER that he considers the resemblance between the "parts clerk" and McVeigh "close," but remains "skeptical."

Having viewed a copy of Bean's tape, Charles Key and other OKBIC members are convinced it shows McVeigh at Camp Grafton in 1993. "This is an important piece of evidence," Key announced, "and opens a new avenue of further investigation."

The entire sequence of stills from Bean's footage can be seen at LarryFlynt.com.

McVeigh consults with attorneys Stephen Jones (right) and Robert Nigh.

"DEMOLITIONS TRAINING"

In response to questions from HUSTLER, North Dakota National Guard Press Officer Rob Keller confirmed that demolitions is part of reservists' Engineer Military Occupational Specialty (MOS) regimen at Camp Grafton, which is classified as a Regional Training Institute. Keller said that a search of records at Camp Grafton was conducted upon our request.

Keller replied via e-mail: "We have no record of McVeigh, or any of his aliases, being at the RTI or NDMA [North Dakota Military Academy], especially during the time frame you indicated." Note the strange use of the qualifier *especially*. How could McVeigh be *especially* not there during a particular time period? Keller declined to divulge if the FBI or another agency had investigated the possibility of McVeigh's presence at Camp Grafton. The press officer also declined to further respond to the photographic proof obtained by HUSTLER.

In reply to our inquiries about explosives that may have been absconded in the summer of '93, Keller stated that inventories showed no anomalies. "The NDMA and RTI have no record of any munitions coming up missing or stolen," he wrote.

The timeline of McVeigh's movements as compiled by his defense team was largely the result of their client's own often-contradictory statements. It is well documented that McVeigh lied or changed his story to fit the government's version of events. In light of new photographic evidence, it is likely that McVeigh invented stories to cloud his actual whereabouts and who was aiding his movements.

In one of his strangest claims, McVeigh wrote to his sister in 1993 that military intelligence agents had approached him about joining an elite squad of "government-paid assassins." This seemingly delusional contention has never been explained.

But even if McVeigh had been telling the truth about his movements, the Bean footage is still relevant: The date fits neatly into a previously unexplained gap in 1993, during which the FBI maintains it has no idea where McVeigh was.

The FBI declined to respond to any of HUSTLER's questions concerning the case, saying the agency "would not be able to provide an FBI spokesperson."

McVEIGH TIMELINE

According to this timeline of McVeigh's movements—compiled from FBI and defense-team sources—the convicted bomber's presence at North Dakota's Camp Grafton fits into an unexplained gap during which he was supposedly traveling throughout the U.S.

1986 Graduates from Starpoint Central High School in Lockport, NY.

1988 Enters military at age 20; basic training at Fort Benning, GA; assigned to 1st Infantry Division, Fort Riley, KS.

1991 Serves as gunner in Persian Gulf War; awarded several medals.

Mid 1991 Tries out for Special Forces; drops out. McVeigh claimed he was ordered into elite training at Fort Bragg, NC, and asked to join secret assassination squad.

Late 1991 Allegedly leaves military. Joins National Guard near Buffalo, NY. Works for Burns Security.

Summer 1992 Seen by witnesses in Kansas in the company of extremists Andreas Strassmeier and Michael Brescia.

Early 1993 Quits Burns Security job; begins traveling state to state; attends gun shows, selling anti-government literature and survival items.

"OTHERS UNKNOWN"

Another major breakthrough in the independent investigation of the Oklahoma City bombing came shortly after Bean brought his footage to HUSTLER.

On March 29, 2006, Utah Federal Court Judge Dale A. Kimball issued a ruling stating that more individuals were involved in the bombing than the FBI has admitted and that the FBI had an informant planted with McVeigh. Additional documents obtained by HUSTLER after Kimball's ruling indicate that at least four others were connected to the plot.

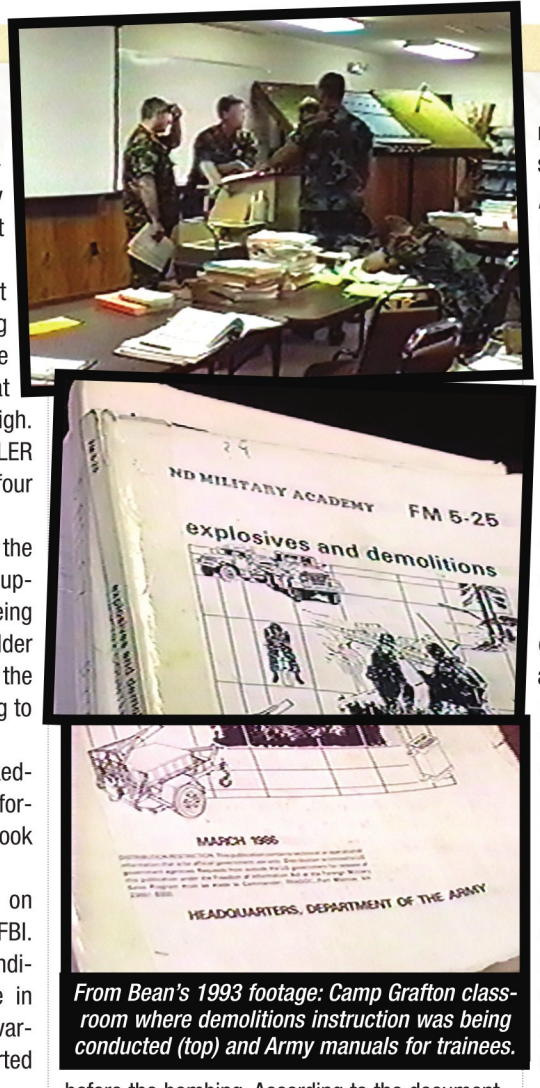
Judge Kimball's ruling resulted from the case of Kenneth Trentadue, a suspect who supposedly killed himself in prison despite being held in a suicide-proof cell. Trentadue's older brother Jesse, a civil attorney, alleges that the FBI tortured his brother to death while trying to link him to the bombing.

After obtaining heavily redacted (blacked-out) files showing the FBI had at least one informant close to McVeigh, Jesse Trentadue took the FBI to court, seeking full disclosure.

The judge's revelations are based on unredacted files subpoenaed from the FBI. According to his ruling, the "document indicates there was an undercover operative in with Timothy McVeigh and members of the various militia groups who aided and supported McVeigh."

Further documents show that as early as January 1995, the Southern Poverty Law Center—a civil-rights law firm that tracks right-wing extremists—had an informant or informants inside the Oklahoma white-supremacist compound known as Elohim City. These moles were passing information along to the FBI, including details about the Oklahoma City bombing plot.

A heavily redacted FBI teletype from the day of the blast indicates that the FBI was previously aware of explosives training being conducted at Elohim City. The document also shows that an associate of McVeigh's—ostensibly an FBI "cooperating witness"—had been in phone contact with McVeigh on April 5, 1995, two weeks before the bombing. According to the document, this was around the time the associate "backed out of the plans to bomb the federal building."



From Bean's 1993 footage: Camp Grafton classroom where demolitions instruction was being conducted (top) and Army manuals for trainees.

In other words, the FBI knew about the plot up until at least April 5. If the FBI knew this much, they likely also had a good idea of who was conspiring with McVeigh. Could these associates be the "others unknown" referred to in the original indictment?

The government alleged that McVeigh carried out the actual bombing alone, but witness statements suggest otherwise. According to an Associated Press dispatch that emerged during the Terry Nichols trial, the U.S. Secret Service reported six days after the attack that "security video tapes from the area show the truck detonation three minutes and six seconds after the suspects exited the truck." Notice that *suspects* is pluralized. Despite this statement from an official government source, the FBI has stuck to its implausible denial of the existence of surveillance tapes.

Bombing victim Daina Bradley testified at McVeigh's trial that she also saw two men leave the truck, and several other witnesses have gone on record saying they saw men fitting the descriptions of John Does #1 and #2 at or around the Murrah Building just before its destruction. Some witnesses remembered seeing fully outfitted bomb-squad agents near the building in the early morning hours prior to the bombing.

And then there's what may be the most bizarre detail of this case—the extra leg. As McVeigh's attorney details in his book *Others Unknown*, forensic pathologists identifying victims ended up with an extra left leg that didn't belong to any of the known dead. Bomb-victim experts have said it most likely belonged to the real bomber. Whose leg it was has never been determined.

Some experts suggest that the suppressed evidence—surveillance tapes, fingerprints, chemical tests, witness reports and the new information presented here—shows that the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol,Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives (ATF) may have been running a sting operation that went awry.

But even that theory doesn't explain everything. A more venturesome explanation is that McVeigh was set up or used by government-affiliated individuals from the U.S. or abroad—individuals who engineered the attack for reasons unknown.

"A SOPHISTICATED OPERATION"

So what was McVeigh doing at Camp Grafton? Being trained? Stealing military-grade explosives and detonators? His presence could certainly help explain how he gained the expertise to pull off a high-tech bombing.

According to qualified experts in demolitions and structural-damage assessment (whose

Spring 1993 Travels from Arizona to Michigan; stays at home of Terry Nichols's brother James. Travels to Waco, TX, during Branch Davidian standoff. Leaves before ATF storms compound on April 19, 1993.

Summer 1993 Travels to Kingman, AZ. Works security job, then quits, leaves for Michigan.

August 3, 1993 Seen serving at Camp Grafton, ND, as "parts clerk," according to new video evidence.

Fall 1993 Issued traffic ticket near Elohim City, OK.

Early 1994 Returns to Kingman, AZ. Allegedly experiments with pipe bombs. Visits Las Vegas. Also spotted in Tulsa, OK.

Summer 1994 Travels to NY to visit grandfather. Returns to Kingman; allegedly breaks into National Guard Armory.

Fall 1994 Seen in Herington, KS. Allegedly starts planning the attack; obtains ANFO bomb ingredients. Visits sister in Florida.

Late 1994 Travels to Oklahoma City; allegedly cases Murrah building.

Early 1995 Seen in Herington; overheard discussing truck bombs with others unknown.

April 1995 Buys getaway car in Junction City, KS. Allegedly drives to Oklahoma City, returns to Kansas, rents Ryder truck, calls Elohim City.

April 19, 1995 Oklahoma City bombing; McVeigh arrested.

SEARCH THESE NAMES

Care to investigate further? Here are a few of the key names tied to unanswered questions about the Oklahoma City bombing.

ANDREAS STRASSMEIER
Former German intelligence officer and chief of security at Elohim City. Suspected ATF informant and agent provocateur. Allowed to return to Germany without questioning.

TERRENCE YEAKEY
Local police sergeant and a first responder on the scene. Told his wife official reports about the bombing were untrue. Was later found dead under mysterious circumstances.

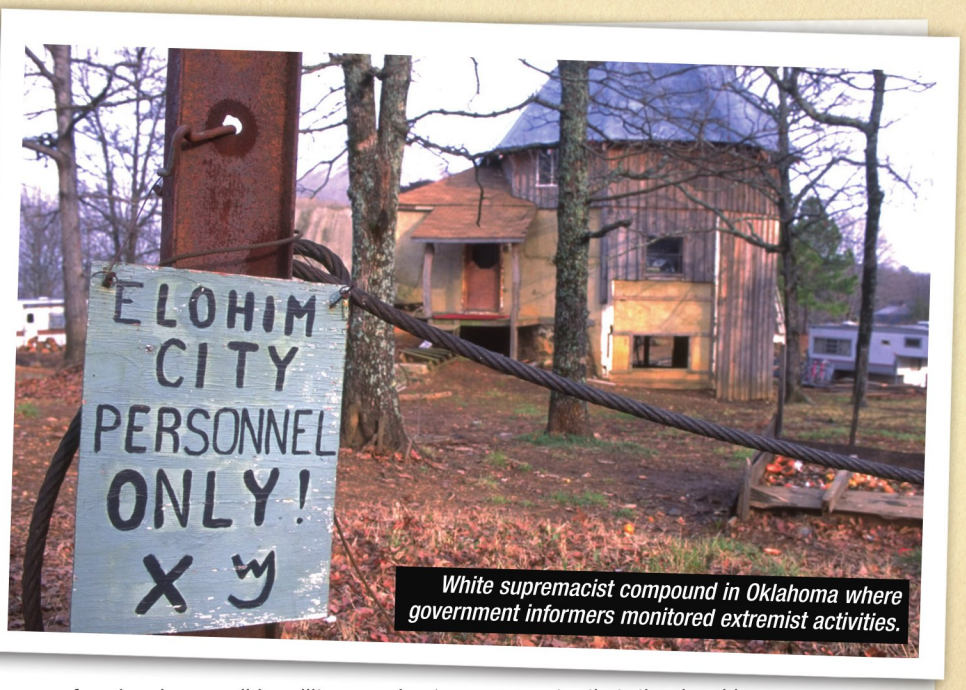
MICHAEL BRESCIA
White supremacist, Elohim City resident and former member of Midwest Bank Robbers gang that may have financed bombing. John Doe #2 suspect.

AL-HUSSAINI HUSSAIN
Former Iraqi soldier and refugee to the U.S. Seen with McVeigh prior to bombing and in Oklahoma City immediately after. John Doe #2 suspect.

CAROL HOWE
White supremacist and former ATF informant at Elohim City. Gave prior knowledge that extremists were planning attacks.

WAYNE ALLEY
U.S. District Judge originally assigned to preside over trial. Taken off case after disclosing that security officials issued prior warnings.

MARTIN KEATING
Brother of former Oklahoma Governor Frank Keating. Wrote *The Final Jihad* prior to bombing; book includes suspicious parallels, such as an extremist character named "Tom McVey."



White supremacist compound in Oklahoma where government informers monitored extremist activities.

statements have been collected by the OKBIC), the ANFO (ammonium nitrate and fuel oil) bomb that the FBI says was used does not match the amount, pattern or type of damage that was seen at the Murrah Building. This was also established by McVeigh's defense team.

A report submitted to several congressmen by retired Air Force General and bomb analysis expert Benton K. Partin stated that the FBI's theory is "beyond credulity."

"The damage pattern on the reinforced concrete superstructure could not possibly have been attained from the single truck bomb," Partin wrote. He and others point out that ANFO explosives are not strong enough to shatter concrete and break steel reinforcing rods. Partin and some of his colleagues have theorized that there would have to have been as many as four bombs, possibly military-grade, attached to the support columns to cause the type of collapse seen in Oklahoma City.

Survivors, including one who spoke to local TV news on the day of the bombing, have said that the building began to crumble—presumably from bombs inside—seconds before the outside device detonated. He said people even had time to crawl under desks before the building's glass façade was blown inward by the truck bomb.

OKBIC member V.Z. Lawton, who worked at the HUD offices on the 8th floor of the Murrah Building, was at his desk at 9:02 when the bombs went off. "I felt the building begin to shake like it was an earthquake," he told HUSTLER. "The lights went out, debris began falling on my desk, and something hit me in the back of the head and rendered me unconscious. Later I had trouble understanding why I never heard the truck bomb go off, then realized I was knocked out before it exploded."

Lawton says the FBI has refused to release the surveillance tapes "because it would identify the others that were involved in the bombing, and it would show that the building was already coming down before the truck bomb went off."

According to statements by local police officers and firemen, rescue efforts were halted at least twice by bomb scares. These accounts also allege that bomb-squad specialists removed unexploded devices from the rubble.

Local news stations and CNN reported on the day of the bombing that two other bombs were found, defused and removed. These reports were confirmed by Justice Department authorities and by Governor Frank Keating. These reports can be viewed online at YouTube.com. The news sources also repeated government statements and bomb-expert assessments that the bombing was a very "sophisticated" operation and had to be the work of highly trained professionals.

What better place to learn than Camp Grafton?

Allegations have also emerged regarding the reliability of FBI forensic evidence, including questions about the ammonium-nitrate residue that suggests an ANFO bomb. During the McVeigh trial, the FBI's theory was shown to be riddled with reasonable doubt. It turns out their findings could easily have been the result of lab contamination or planted evidence. The U.S. government has never actually proven through physical evidence that the truck explosive was an ANFO bomb.

The alternate explanations are not conclusive either. It *is* clear that the FBI prevented qualified personnel, even those preparing the FEMA report, from examining the site. Clean-up operations were severely rushed in an apparent attempt to destroy evidence.

In light of the strong possibility that military explosives were used in the bombing, McVeigh's presence at the demolitions-training center at Camp Grafton raises serious questions that demand answers.

The U.S. government's recent history is a chronicle of lies, coverups and deceptions. From Vietnam to Watergate, from 9/11 to the Iraq war, the American people have been told what they took to be the truth, only to find out they had been lied to.

There is now reason to suspect that the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing is yet another chapter in this shameful saga.

Contributing reporter Bryan Sacks is an investigative journalist and adjunct instructor of philosophy at Pennsylvania's Immaculata University.

"Bruce David, HUSTLER Magazine. Mr. President, do your advisers provide you with 100% of the bullshit you feed the country, or do you ever dream up any on your own?"

WAXING Erotic

Tussauds wax museum in Las Vegas

SIN CITY NATIVE and XXX superstar Jenna Jameson officially entered the realm of immortals when she recently unveiled her lifelike double at Madame Tussauds in Las Vegas.

"She was absolutely blown away," recalls general manager Adrian Jones, who was on hand when Jenna became the first porn queen to be enshrined by the legendary house of wax.

"We celebrate fame," Jones continues, "and Jenna's name kept popping up on guest suggestion lists. And since she grew up here, we thought she'd be the perfect choice. When we approached her about it, she was extremely excited."

During the prep phase, Tussauds's London team studied thousands of photos to decide on the style, eventually opting for goddess over gonzo. Sculptors Stephen Mansfield and Jim Kempton settled on a pose that was suggestive, but PG-enough not to offend the museum's all-ages clientele.

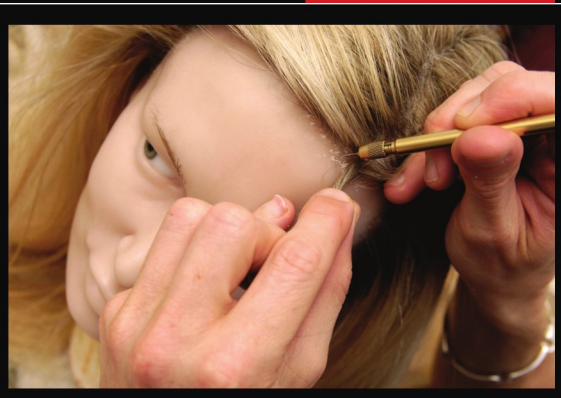
"It's characteristic of her photo work and well-suited to the bedroom setting," Kempton explains. "Maybe we didn't go into as much gratuitous detail as we could have, but I think we struck a good balance."

According to the design team, Jenna was their first fully provocative rendering, making it a real challenge. Tussauds's team traveled to Los Angeles and spent over two hours measuring and photographing every inch of Jenna's bombshell anatomy. The designers rely on such personal scrutiny to achieve a strong likeness. "She was great fun at the sitting, and we got a powerful sense of her personality and expression," says Roxanne Holland, external relations coordinator.

"The aim is to make the public feel they could actually be in the presence of this person," Kempton adds. "So along with celebrating their public image, we try to portray them as they really are. It helps that Jenna's beauty is very natural."

Back in London, more than 200 measurements were used to construct a metal armature and castings for a fiberglass body. Meanwhile, the head was crafted from Tussauds's traditional blend of beeswax, Japan wax and "a

BY MARK JOHNSON



immortalizes Jenna Jameson.

secret ingredient." The mixture is not quite as unstable as pure wax, but the sculptors say that Jenna's head would melt if left out in the Vegas sun.

After the body work, Jenna's tresses were painstakingly inserted hair by hair and her tattoos exactly duplicated by the studio's finishing department. After three months of toil and TLC—not to mention a total cost of $300,000—Wax Jenna was ready.

The likeness is uncanny, but fans will notice something that doesn't mimic the real gal: modesty. Jenna's thong and pose neatly hide her sweet spot, while her elbows are coyly placed over her plump rack. If you look closely, though, you can see just a hint of pink areolas, painted by sculptor Mansfield himself as a final touch.

Madame Tussauds is a hands-on experience, so groping is allowed. The museum has also included a wow factor: When visitors stroke Jenna's ankle tattoo, she coos, "Mmmm...wanna make love like a porn star?"

"Within three days," Jones says, "the tattoo was rubbed off! We'll need touch-ups sooner than we thought."

As for what's under that thong, the sculptors say no castings were made of Jenna's familiar-to-millions genitalia. As Mansfield puts it, "She's only as real as she needs to be."

In true HUSTLER fashion, this reporter felt up the figure personally just to make sure—as smooth as a Barbie doll. Looks like porn fans will have to use their imaginations for a change.

Madame Tussauds Las Vegas is housed at The Venetian on the Vegas Strip. Head to MadameTussaudsLV.com for more info.

PHOTOS COURTESY THE TUSSAUDS GROUP AND MADAME TUSSAUDS

CAGED RAGE

Meet the 21st-century gladiators of Mixed Martial Arts and the Ultimate Fighting Championship.

A handful of fleeting seconds is all it takes. We witness Anthony McDavit size up Skye Rivera, twitch his eyes a couple of times from an intimidating, implacable visage, charge his adversary, hurl him against the metal cage, throttle him to the mat and deliver a barrage of pounding blows to Rivera's head.

Rivera's flailing legs go up in the air like a pair of white flags thrashed and unseen on a grisly battlefield. He's reaching with his feet for traction against the cage, but McDavit continues to overpower him, beating Rivera's head as if it were a nail and he the hammer.

Surprisingly, there is no blood, but as the blows mount, you can almost feel them flogging your own skull. The rabid throng of 1,500 jeering patrons at the Hollywood Palladium is made up mostly of muscle-bound, heavily-inked men and oddly-proportioned vixens. The spectators are wet with sweat and beer, oozing an untempered bloodlust.

Referee Josh Rosenthal separates the bantamweights, calling the one-sided encounter. Moments later at the Pangea Fights event comes a startling announcement. Because McDavit had broken some basic rules of engagement, the judges declare Rivera the default victor. All in 40 seconds.

Mixed Martial Arts (MMA) is a brutal collage of boxing, wrestling, judo, jujitsu, kung fu and other global fighting styles. Conducted in a cage, this primal, artful form of pugilism was launched into the collective consciousness by the popular Ultimate Fighting Championship (UFC), which was established in 1993. MMA is now fast becoming *the* sport of the future.

The human condition is seen here in a minute flat: figuring odds, choosing sides, sparking to combat and witnessing a hungry, ancient, very real barbarism that reminds us of who we once were…who we long to be again. With its closed-fist bruisings, bone-crunching kicks, organ-punishing throws and occult-like submissions, MMA genuinely, authentically and entertainingly pulls back the veil on man's innate impulses.

"MMA is life in its most extreme form," says comedian Joe Rogan, host of NBC's *Fear Factor* and longtime color commentator for the UFC. "It's about ruining the opposition, one on one, man to man, conquering your opponent. You're basically killing each other with your bare hands. That's really the intention of every sport; it just doesn't seem like it because we mask those intentions with a ball and points and yardage and lines. Those are just euphemisms, a pretty way to look at war. The most satisfying, the most appealing, the most *real* of all sports is MMA.

Fighters like Mike Corey take serious beatings in the burgeoning sport of Mixed Martial Arts.

BY J. RENTILLY

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

There's no bullshit in this sport. It's classic warfare, the kind that's been around since the beginning of time."

Creeping its way across the continents for centuries, MMA clawed into the U.S. limelight with a series of pay-per-view fights, courtesy of the UFC—the MMA Goliath—bolstered by superstars like Royce Gracie, Ken Shamrock, Tank Abbott and, more recently, Chuck Liddell, Rich Franklin and Matt Hughes.

Today, no less than two dozen significant, upstart MMA organizations compete for audience loyalty. The UFC—reinvigorated in 2000 when gaming behemoth Fertitta Enterprises formed Zuffa Entertainment and took the reins—continues to lead the way. It produces adrenalized, marquee events that routinely sell out casino arenas, draw hundreds of thousands of fervent pay-per-view fans and bring nearly 3 million viewers to tie-in programming like the Spike TV reality program *The Ultimate Fighter.*

"The rich tapestry of real back stories and emotional connection that UFC and Spike have built up over the years is one of the real keys to this sport's success," says Clyde Gentry, an acclaimed documentary filmmaker and author of *No Holds Barred: Ultimate Fighting and the Martial Arts Revolution.* "People don't watch *American Idol* because they're big singing fans; they watch because they connect with the characters—real, genuine people—and want to see them succeed or, in some cases, fail. MMA has been around in some accidental form since the ancient Greek Olympics, but the modern-day incarnation is still in its infancy, and it seems there's no stopping it."

While MMA may have a virtual stranglehold on audiences eager for edgier sporting events, it still struggles to gain a solid foothold in the mainstream. Potential fans may be deterred by the brutality, but MMA has strived to rid itself of loose cannons, as rules were once truly footloose and fancy-free, if they existed at all.

"Back in the old days, guys would come out with brass knuckles or metal rods and stuff stashed in their hands," recalls Herb Dean, a well-respected referee and judge with the UFC and other groups.

In the '90s several high-profile politicians banged the election drum in protest. Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) lambasted MMA as "a brutal and repugnant blood sport [that] should not be allowed to take place anywhere in the U.S." Former New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, an avowed boxing fan, said, "[UFC] goes way beyond boxing. This is people brutalizing each other." A *Newsday* reporter cried that MMA is "the most disgusting, horrifying thing I've ever seen. It's basically taking cockfighting and putting it in human form."

"A **nap** (sometimes called a short sleep), usually 15-60 minutes. It is thought by many to maximize the benefits of sleep versus time. This type of sleep pattern may be associated with getting **choked out** or **knocked out**."

Newcomer Jonathan Romero (sponsored by Take A Nap Fight Gear) prepares for his next MMA match.

PHOTO BY DEVIN ALARIO

Joe Rogan, comedian and former UFC commentator.

PHOTO BY DAN DION

The cultural demonization of MMA could not have made the sport sexier to the key young male demographic, which was left cold by boxing's post-Tyson disintegration and professional wrestling's descent into high camp. Critics rarely mention that there has never been a death in an MMA contest (dozens of boxers have perished), and most injuries rarely require more than sutures. The states that allow it maintain stringent rules and guidelines.

Indeed, MMA has an occasional gory match. And from the larger-than-life gladiators to the immensely hot ring girls, these events often resonate like modern-day matches at the Roman Colosseum.

"Runners run. Swimmers swim. Fighters have to fight." So says Devin Alario, the easygoing, flip-flop-wearing CEO of Take A Nap Fight Gear, a business that designs and retails branded sportswear for MMA combatants and fans. Through clothing sponsorships, Alario finds up-and-coming fighters. "You want to be a great fighter, you have to breathe, eat, sleep and talk fighting, man. It's *that* kind of commitment."

Shonie "Mr. International" Carter, a ten-year vet of MMA with 12 national and international titles to his name, has a record of 66-13-7. The 34-year-old legend, who is sponsored by UFC and Submit-Gear, believes MMA competitors are quintessential athletes. "People ask me all the time if I'm a real athlete," Carter says. "Was Muhammad Ali a real athlete, Lance Armstrong, Michael Jordan? These are the

One on One With Chuck Liddell

ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP'S WORLD LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT TITLEHOLDER for two years, Chuck "The Iceman" Liddell is widely renowned as one of Mixed Martial Art's true standouts. A few days after relying on his ferocious kickboxing and wrestling prowess to pummel Renato Sobral, lifting his professional record to 19-3-0, Liddell took some time to talk shop.

HUSTLER: Why has MMA exploded in the past few years?

LIDDELL: People love combat sports. For me, MMA is a mix of all the combat sports I like. It's kickboxing, wrestling, jujitsu. You watch these fights, it's impossible to *not* love it.

What role has UFC played in mainstreaming this sport?

When Zuffa took over UFC, they got us regulated, got the rules laid out, but the biggest thing is they got us the exposure. They really got us out there on TV. In the old days we were doing these live events, just trying to get on pay-per-view TV.

When you climb into the cage, getting ready to fight, where's your head? Walk us through the experience.

I'm kind of odd that way. I'm probably the most relaxed, comfortable person of anybody. I'm usually calming everyone else down. I love what I do. I love being out there. I love the competition of fighting.

Maybe some of that calm is because you're widely considered the best fighter in MMA?

Well, that's part of it. There is that confidence. I've always believed I could beat anybody in the world, and it's usually gone that way. The few times I've lost, I've always thought I could've and should've beat the guy, and I've wanted to fight him again. But fighting is the payoff for me. I work really hard for months before every fight—training five days a week, three times a day. That's the hard work. The payoff is getting in there and being able to perform.

You are a UFC legend. That's gotta be thrilling for you, but we imagine that with success comes added pressure.

I guess. But I've got knockout power, which fight fans have always liked. I think that's a huge part of my appeal. And I try to satisfy the fans. I'm not out there to just squeak out a win. I'm going out there to finish a fight, to give the judges a chance to see me work. It's not fair to fans if you're not going out there and giving them everything they want.

That you do, without question, but the grueling punishment an MMA fighter's body endures has to take a toll.

I'm 37, and I'm probably at the top of my game right now. I'm hitting harder, feeling better, and I train smarter now that I'm older. I haven't had any signs of slowing down yet.

A lot of people talk about how dangerous this sport is. Is it true?

It's safer than boxing, with all those repetitive hits to the head. Boxing is *way* worse, a lot riskier. As far as injuries go, I got more injuries in five years of college wrestling than I've had in 13 years of fighting.

What are some of the keys to being a great fighter?

In this sport, you need to know so many things. You can't just be an athlete. In boxing there are four moves. You mix them up, but it's four moves. But boxing and MMA are like checkers and chess. They're different games entirely.

In the beginning, MMA was art against art—boxing versus wrestling, or something. Now it's truly Mixed Martial Arts. To be at the top of your game, you have to be proficient at every style of fighting. You might have your specialty, but you have to know how to fight in every way. —*J. Rentilly*

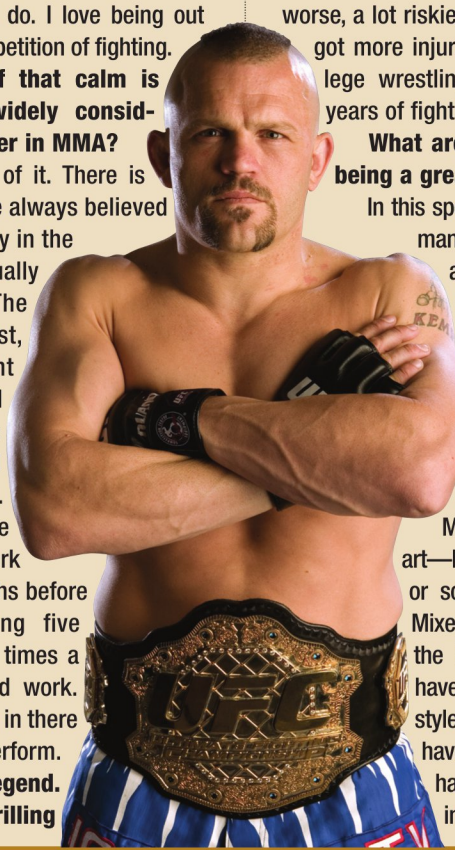


PHOTO COURTESY OF ZUFFA, LLC.

legend makers and the record breakers. So am I." Carter currently appears on Spike TV's *The Ultimate Fighter 4: The Comeback.*

MMA fighters typically train six to seven days a week, running up to five miles daily. Those who rely too much on natural ability are destined for a hard, fast fall. It is a rigorous routine, but being a great fighter demands stamina, versatility and quick thinking in the cage.

"You're going to get fucked over unless you train *all the time*," Rogan declares. "The objective, of course, is to lessen the number of times you get fucked up." According to Rogan, successful fighters must have both dedication and intelligence.

Jonathan Romero, a newcomer from Phoenix, trains with a religious fervor. Come fight time, he gets serious. "I am completely in a zone," says Romero, who is sponsored by Take A Nap Fight Gear. "I am completely focused on the task at hand. I try to visualize what I'm going to do and how I will react to my opponent's actions. When I'm fighting, there's nothing else in the world but me and this guy. Only one of us is going to win. It had better be me."

Carter, with nearly 200 professional matches under his belt, confides that fights induce various emotions. "I hit somebody in the face, stoic," he explains. "I knock somebody to the ground, stoic. I get a sick, twisted, mouthwatering pleasure from throwing somebody."

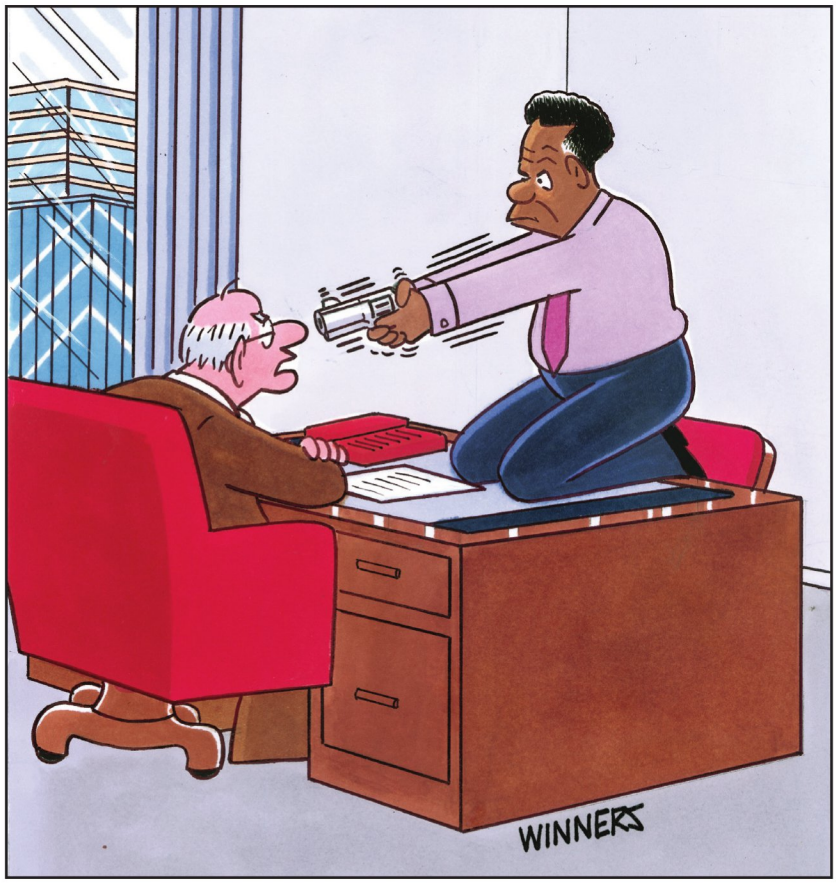
The biggest difference between neophytes like Romero and veterans like Carter is the meaning of a title. Romero is a naturally gifted workhorse—hungry and ready to seize the day. But he'll have to win a lot of matches to make it through the ranks of Pangea Fights into the UFC. For Carter, who boasts of "pimping and playing all around the world," victory is always important.

Bridging the gap between fighters and fans, making the world of MMA even more accessible, are companies like Take A Nap and TapouT—enterprises that design fight gear, sponsor competitors and take part in live events. The men of TapouT, for instance, warm up the huge crowds wearing outrageous costumes and assuming wacky names like PunkAss, El Joker, The Mask, RockStar and SkySkrape.

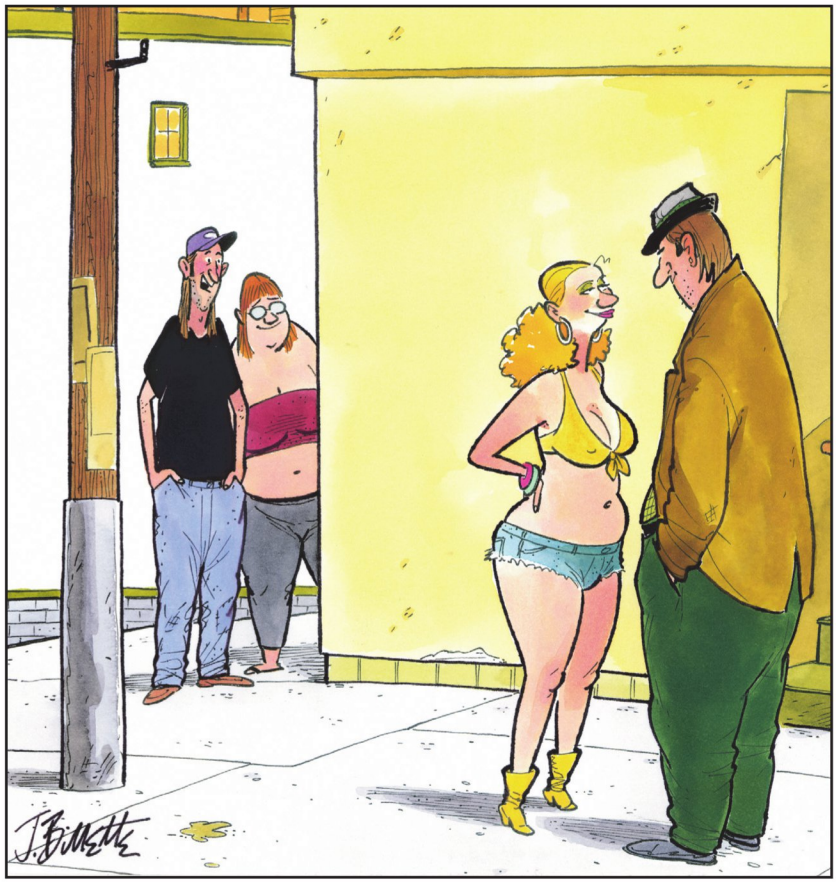
Yes, MMA is officially part of pop culture. These fights are tests of character, testaments to the brutal roots of our civilization. This is the gladiator ring, and you're invited to watch.

For additional information on Mixed Martial Arts, visit **UFC.com**, **PangeaFights.com**, **TakeANapFightGear.com** and **TapouT.com**.

J. Rentilly is a Los Angeles-based journalist who covers film, literature, music and pop culture for various publications, notably Bizarre, Gallery, Cinescape and foreign editions of GQ and Maxim. He is at work on a collection of interviews with America's great postwar authors, including Kurt Vonnegut Jr., John Updike, Don DeLillo and Joyce Carol Oates.



"I'm going to have to let you go, boy. You're creating a hostile work environment."



"Our little girl—a street whore at 18. Now that takes some real damn initiative!"

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

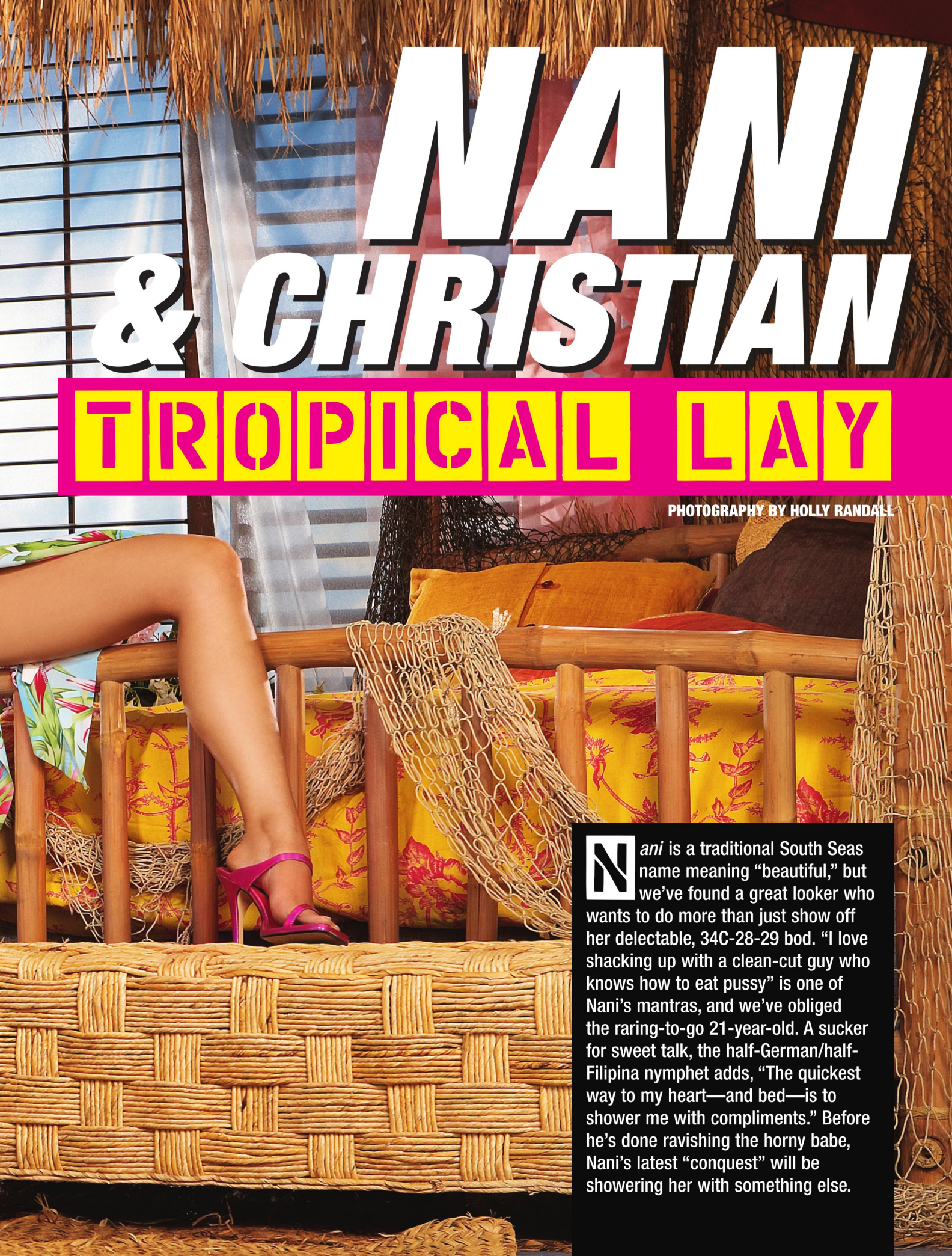
Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

NANI & CHRISTIAN

TROPICAL LAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL



Nani is a traditional South Seas name meaning "beautiful," but we've found a great looker who wants to do more than just show off her delectable, 34C-28-29 bod. "I love shacking up with a clean-cut guy who knows how to eat pussy" is one of Nani's mantras, and we've obliged the raring-to-go 21-year-old. A sucker for sweet talk, the half-German/half-Filipina nymphet adds, "The quickest way to my heart—and bed—is to shower me with compliments." Before he's done ravishing the horny babe, Nani's latest "conquest" will be showering her with something else.

Catch naughty-as-sin Nani heating things up in VCA's *Deep Inside Joanna Angel*, available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Everybody Loves FLAVOR F

FLAVOR FLAV can easily be described as the Dean Martin of this generation. Although the rapper's frantic energy and clowning persona seem the polar opposites of the laid-back crooner, the versatile entertainer of today is equally charismatic: Like Martin, women want him, and men want to be him. Yes, Flavor Flav's popularity is undeniable. Some 7.5 million viewers (VH1's biggest audience of all time) tuned in to the finale of his latest reality show, *The Flavor of Love: Season Two*. Just as his first self-titled solo CD was hitting record stores, the hip-hop icon stopped by the HUSTLER offices to talk about the past, present and future plans of the man who would be king.

HUSTLER: Public Enemy has been around for 22 years and still going strong. Why a solo CD now?

FLAVOR FLAV: It was supposed to drop in 1991. It never came out because Flavor Flav guilty by association with Hank Shocklee and Chuck D. Around that time they weren't having the best relationship with Russell [Simmons] and Def Jam. They [record label] said if you don't put out the *He Got Game* soundtrack, we ain't putting out your shit. So that dropped and didn't really do nothing. Then they made us put out another record, and no one cared. By then it was pointless.

So are the tracks from 1991?

Nah. I redid the whole thing over the last five years. This is the most longest-awaited album in history. Everywhere worldwide been waiting for a solo project from your man. Every year I'd say it's coming, it's coming, it's coming, and now it's here! *(Suddenly, all three of Flav's cell phones go off, one loudly playing "King of Rock" by Run-DMC. To say that Flavor Flav is in demand would be an understatement.)*

Rather than your trademark hip-hop, the first cut, "Let It Show," is a straight-up, old-school R&B party record with a social conscience à la Marvin Gaye.

You gotta have a record for the uncles, the aunts and for the grandmothers. Everything. Dedicated to the people that ain't here no more. Because there's a lot of people that dead that really make Flavor Flav who he is. For that track I pictured my grandmother saying (*Flav affects a biddy's voice*), "You making all these records; why don't you make something for us?"

So the disc has something for everyone—even a country song?

What you gotta do is cover *all* your bases. That's what this album is about. I'm a musician, and I love country-and-western music. Back in the days my man Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton? Come on, man. I love it. I know that there are some country people that love Flavor Flav; so I made something for them too.

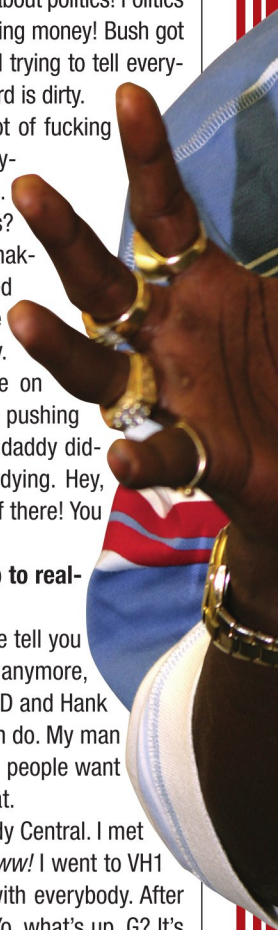
You do a lot of singing on the solo CD, not like Biz Markie clowning around. You can really sing.

That's a talent that I have, and I want to exploit that. I know that a lot of the old fans right now aren't gonna stomach a full CD of me singing. They're used to "yeah, boyeee!" and "yo, Chuck, rock this shit!" But I mix in the singing, and they hear me hitting notes and be like, *alright!* Not only am I singing, but there are tracks where I play all the instruments. I want to show people I am a musician, and I can hold my own weight.

Public Enemy is a political force in music. What do you think about the current state of the world?

Very good question. I am glad you asked. When it comes down to politics, I want to be very clear: *Fuck politics!* I don't give a fuck about politics! Politics don't do shit for Flavor-fucking-Flav. They take my fucking money! Bush got the country all fucked-up! He's going around the world trying to tell everybody what to do. Meanwhile, the United States' backyard is dirty.

Why don't he clean this shit up first? You got a lot of fucking people dying overseas in Iraq. You know what I'm saying? They should have pulled those troops out of there. Now they making them stay over there for extra stays? Why don't Bush pull those guys out of there and stop making things worse and more fucked-up for the United States?! Bringing extra terrorist threats on us. We're not safer. All 'cause Bush trying to be a backyard bully.



It's not a good thing that he's bringing the hate on Americans. Ever since he stole the Presidency, he's pushing people around and stuff trying to clean up things his daddy didn't finish. Come on now. Let's keep it real. Troops dying. Hey, Saddam is gone; you got him. Now get the fuck out of there! You so fly, Bush? Then catch Bin Laden, motherfucker!

How did you make the transition from hip-hop to reality-TV superstar?

By accident. Nah, but on purpose. (*Laughs.*) Let me tell you G, as the years went by, Public Enemy wasn't that hot anymore, and I had a lot of idle time. So I thought, *Well?* Chuck D and Hank gave me the idea of going out to L.A. to see what I can do. My man Norris worked on *The Steve Harvey Show*. He told me people want to see me. So I dusted off the spiderwebs and did that.

People started calling. Did a commercial for Comedy Central. I met Bernie Mac at a party, and I did his show. *Wowwwwww!* I went to VH1 to a pitch meeting, and your man Flav had to fuck with everybody. After the meeting, I just walked into everybody's offices. "Yo, what's up, G? It's your man Flavor Flav." Walking around VH1, buggin' everybody out. That good will stayed in that building. It led to *The Surreal Life*.

The thing that really worked fo' Flavor Flav's advantage, you know that song in *Wizard of Oz*, "If I Only Had a Brain"? I didn't know nobody in the house. That really worked for me. I didn't know who Brigitte Nielsen was. When she smacked me in the face, and I smacked her back, that opened

LAV!

On the go 24/7, rapper and TV luminary Flavor Flav still finds time to drop by HUSTLER.

doors. I didn't know who she was till the end of *Strange Love*, my second reality show. The last day we got some Public Enemy stuff and Brigitte's films, and we shared what we did. Not knowing before, that made our combination work.

So that love was real?

It was *all* real. I was in love with this lady, and she with me. I'll love her till the day I die. She knows that fo' real.

Is Brigitte Nielsen your perfect woman?

Honestly, to tell you the truth, there is no such thing as the perfect woman. Nobody is perfect. My ideal woman is one who respects me, my job and my way of life. I have to eat at the end of the day. I got six kids and another one on the way. I ain't mad. *Yes, sirrrrr!*

Is the new arrival's mom Delicious, the lady you picked on the *Flavor of Love: Season Two* finale?

Nah. In between season one and two I was messing with a shortie in Vegas. Now Delicious, we gotta handle that. She just found out this baby is coming; so we'll see.

Tell us about the girlies.

You want freaky groupie stories?! Yeeaah, boyeee! Let me tell you a couple freaky Flava Flav stories. You know me, being a major celeb, I'm gonna have any woman when I want, who I want and how I want.

When Public Enemy was out on the LL Cool J tour, I met this chick at a club. Straight-up groupie. I'm covered in gold, about five thousand dollars' worth, my pockets is full of about three grand. I get drunk with this girl, we get up in the hotel room, and she give me the pussy. After I fuck it good, I go to sleep. Snoring out my brains. When I wake up, the gold, the money, my clock necklace—*gone!* She took everything. Oh, yeah, your man Flav got beat down. I know I'm not the only celeb that that happened to. It's just that they ain't speaking on shit like that. I know what time it is even though she took my clock.

There was this other time on the Run-DMC tour with my boy Ad-Rock from the Beastie Boys. We had a room full of girlies having a butt-naked party. We was real hustlers, y'all.

At this point, how many women have tasted the "Flavor of Love"?

Honestly, to tell you the truth? (*Lengthy pause.*) Over 7.5 million, baby! And I ain't mad at that. They can keep tasting, baby. Ladies? Come and gather round the Flavor Man!

Now that you're at the height of your power, what's next?

I have a dream. Like Martin Luther King, Flav got one too. I want to have my own talk show like Arsenio Hall. I want to bring that back and do my spin on it. Straight-up entertainment. I got a lot of fans and friends that are celebrities. Make it a stage for everybody and anybody to come hang, perform and entertain.

We know you were close with Run-DMC DJ Jam Master Jay, whose 2002 murder remains unsolved. Who do you think was behind the killing?

When Jay died, when Jay got shot, I was locked up on Rikers Island [a New York City prison] in C-76 block. I was on the phone, and the guys in the TV room starting screaming, "Yo, Flav! Flav, something happened to you man Jay!" I saw the screen, and they showed Jam Master Jay's body on TV under a white sheet with one sneaker hanging out. I went ballistic. The whole jail had to hold me down.

I'm gonna be truthful. At that point I did put a word out, that whoever did that, if they came through the island, was gonna get had. Jay was my man. It was Jam Master Jay that talked my man Chuck D into making records with Def Jam. Y'all need to know that. It was Jay who I used to hang with in the back of the bus on all those tours. Whoever killed Jay, I'll tell you that if you haven't been found yet, the streets will get you. The police don't care, but the streets do, and they will get you! Believe that!

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

CHESTY MORGAN

CANDYE KANE

CANDY BARR

CANDY SAMPLES

NORMA STITZ

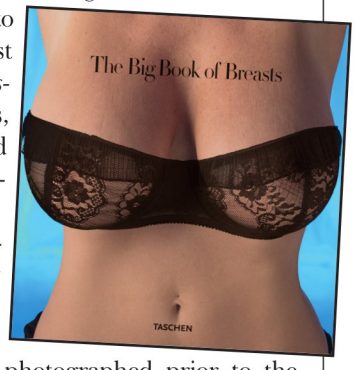
BOOK REVIEW BY
KEITH VALCOURT

Busty Beauties Return!

Dian Hanson's *The Big Book of Breasts* titillates with huge ta-tas.

PHOTOS COURTESY TASCHEN BOOKS (TASCHEN.COM)

BOOBS, TITS, KNOCKERS, CANS, MILKBAGS, HOOTERS.... No matter what you call 'em, men *love* large breasts.



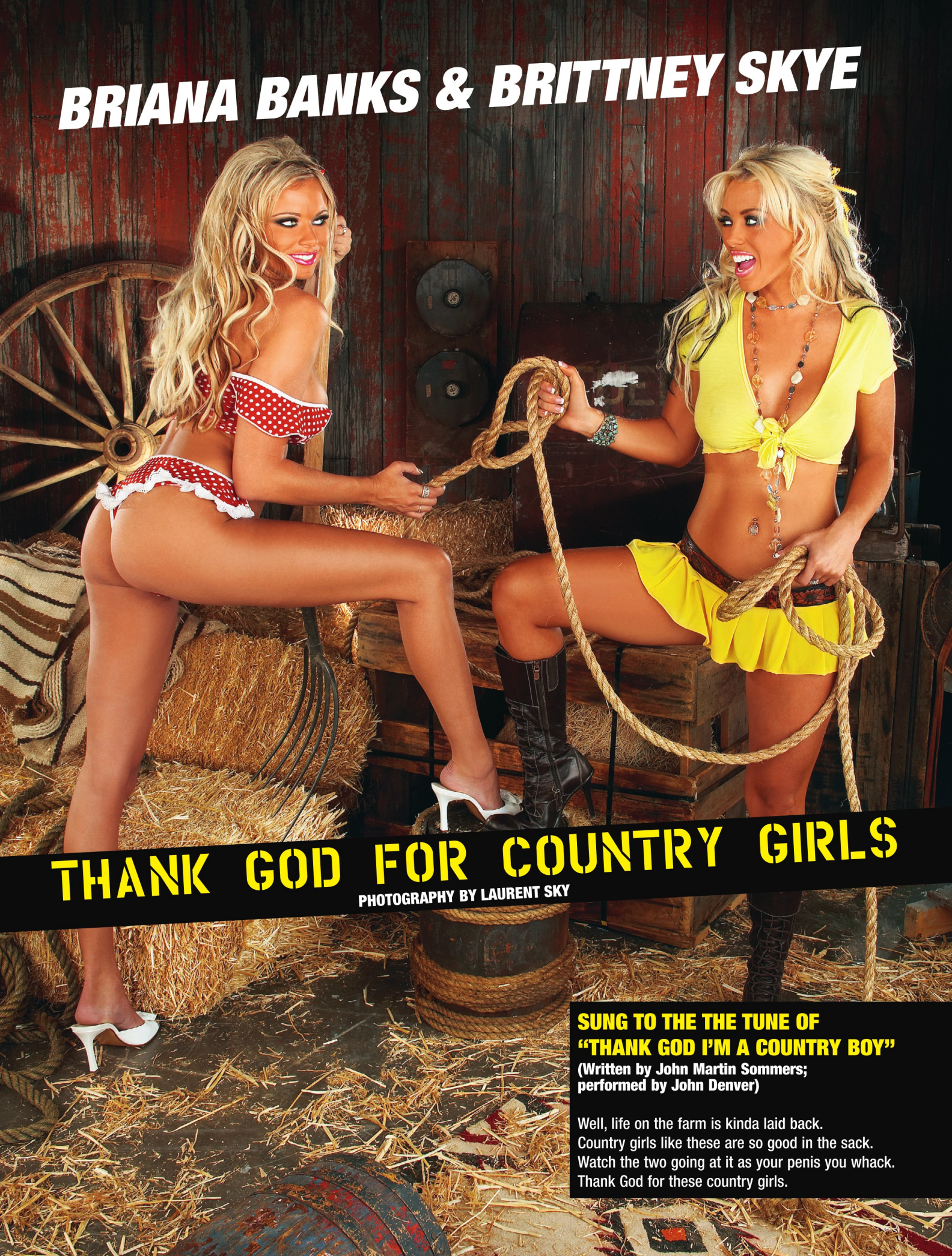
That's why we were so excited to see that Dian Hanson—best known for her comprehensive *History of Men's Magazines* series, reviewed in our August and December '06 issues—has compiled *The Big Book of Breasts*.

This 420-page chronicle showcases a cavalcade of top-heavy models who graced vintage adult magazines. Best of all, the well-endowed ladies were primarily photographed prior to the dawn of silicone implants. Based on the treasure chest of humongous, homegrown mammaries that Hanson has uncovered, Mother Nature *definitely* knows best.

Every mega-boober you could imagine is here: Tempest Storm, Christy Canyon, Norma Stitz, Candye Kane, Candy Samples and several other women named Candy.

Hanson's tome also features conversations with ten voluptuous icons, including the first Q&A in over a decade with Russ Meyer girl and '70s porn star Uschi Digard. There's also the *last* interview with the late Candy Barr, who starred in *Smart Alec*, one of the most famous underground porn flicks of all time.

If you're interested in ogling an incredible cornucopia of curvaceous cleavage, look for *The Big Book of Breasts*, available at bookstores and at Taschen.com.



BRIANA BANKS & BRITTNEY SKYE

THANK GOD FOR COUNTRY GIRLS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

SUNG TO THE THE TUNE OF "THANK GOD I'M A COUNTRY BOY"
(Written by John Martin Sommers; performed by John Denver)

Well, life on the farm is kinda laid back.
Country girls like these are so good in the sack.
Watch the two going at it as your penis you whack.
Thank God for these country girls.

Well, a simple kinda life never did them no harm.
Check out that there're hot sluts going *down* on the farm.
Two blondes eating pussy make for rustic charm.
Thank God for these country girls.

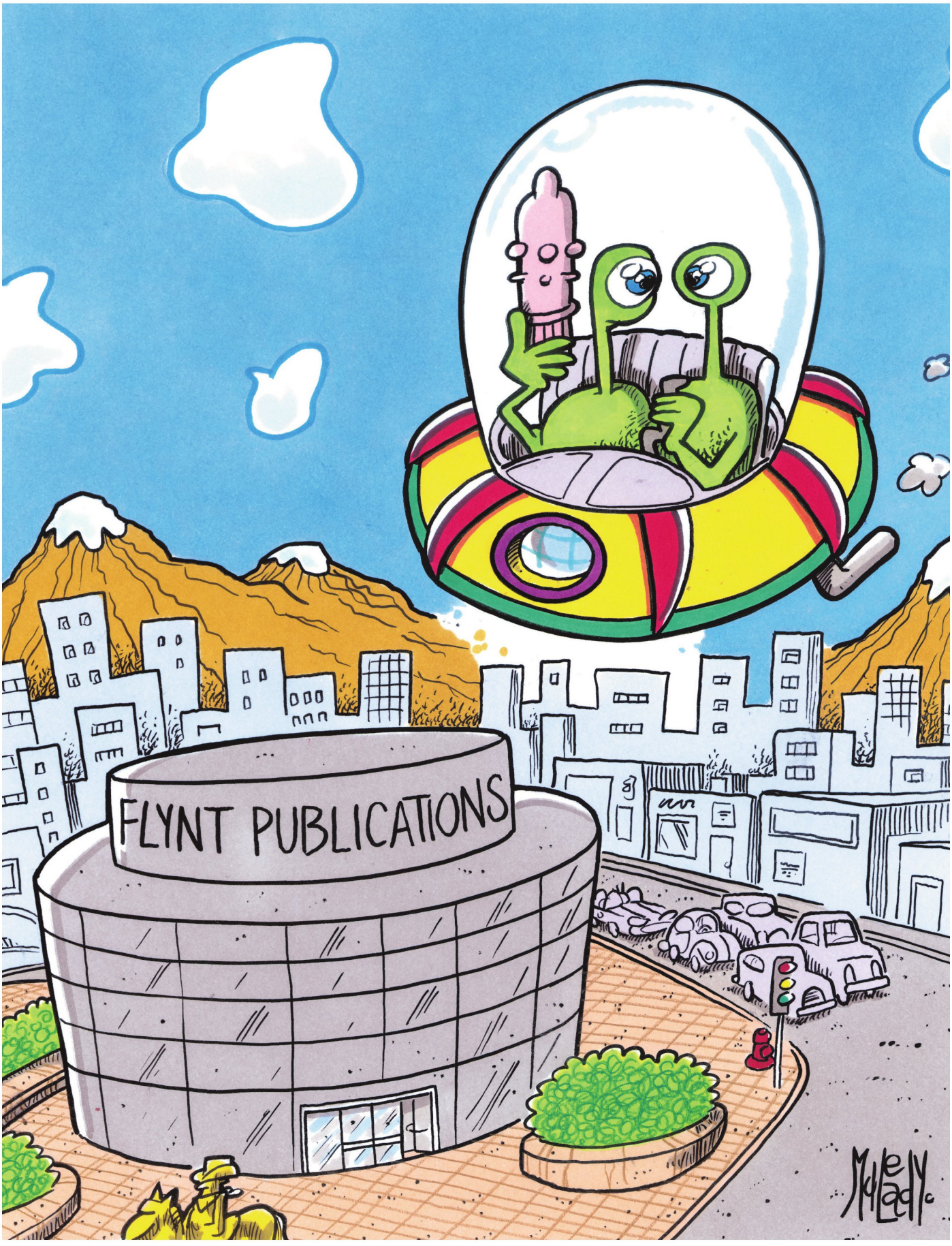
Right now you can see they sure love to fiddle.
How we can join in, man, that is the riddle.
Wanna grab our saddle and hop in the middle.
Thank God for these country girls.

Check out Brittney diving in between Briana's thighs.
While Briana with a dildo gives her a hard surprise.
They sure love the taste of that homemade hair pie.
Thank God for these country girls.

We've watched 'em all day, just a-fucking and a-sucking.
In the background you can hear a banjo plucking.
All this time our corncob we've been shucking.
Thank God for these country girls.

See Brittney Skye wrangle it in *HUSTLER Centerfolds #5*, *Snoop Dogg's Hustlaz: Diary of a Pimp* and *Busty Beauties #4*. Also catch her in *Big Titty Woman #2* from VCA. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

Erotic toy courtesy Aaron Verity (Pyrexions.com)



"We're over the Flynt Building. Let's abduct HUSTLER attorney Paul Cambria and shove this probe up his ass!"

Vicky Vette's life hasn't been a bed of roses, but the bombshell is now a happy camper.

THE REAL Vicky Vette

Veteran reporter **Ed Rampell** goes the extra mile for a close-up look at porn's most intriguing star.

VICKY VETTE IS TOPLESS when a studio employee escorts me into her dressing room. It is cramped. Her breasts are perfect. She is illuminated by soft glowing light. Looking into a mirror with ice-blue eyes, the statuesque Norwegian applies some last-minute makeup.

"Sorry for busting in on you," the Danni's Hard Drive staffer apologizes.

Vicky struggles to get into her costume. Thanks to a 36DD-26-36 figure, the 5-foot-6-inch porn star can't find a big enough bra for her upcoming stint as Danni.com's highlights monthly showcase girl.

Out on a boudoir set the clapboard reads, "Vicky Vette Masturbation."

I stand beside a director named Cisco and a Panasonic DV-wielding cameraman. Cisco yells, "Action!" Vicky enters, dancing in her ivory heels. Beneath a boom mike and lights, she stretches across a crimson couch, spreads her long legs, shakes her breasts, pinches her pink nipples, caresses her dirty-blond landing strip. Enjoying herself, Vicky puts her petal to the metal, inserting a vibrator, riding it arms outstretched. As the eager cameraman zooms in, Vicky's hands shake, veins bulge, her body convulses. Spread-eagle, Vicky proudly displays her swollen, reddish pussy.

The glamorous Vicky Vette appeared in HUSTLER December 2003 and July 2004.

Cut! Her scene over, Vicky saunters naked to a shower.

As the porn goddess towels off and sashays back to her dressing room, I build up the nerve to touch her left breast, noting, "Your boobs shook when you came." Vicky grins, making me feel at ease.

Vicky stops by wardrobe and makeup before her Danni's Hard Drive gig.

Vicky began nude modeling in 2003 at the tender age of 38. After posting a portfolio online, she recalls, the "calls for porn poured in." She submitted pictures to HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest and was later named a Finalist, earning her a trip to L.A. to pose for a pictorial published in the December '03 HUSTLER. Vicky, who would ultimately become *Beaver Hunt*'s 2004 Grand Prize Winner, lensed 60 movies in three months, including *Metropolis* (which won an AVN Award) and *Vicky Vette's Amateur Hos*. The longtime Georgia resident soon launched VickyAtHome.com and began dancing at local strip clubs.

A couple of days after the Danni shoot, I meet up with Vicky and Devon Michaels, an adult entertainer who's been working since age 18. Thirty-something Devon has a bronzed hardbody with toned abs, big implanted knockers and small nips. Back at Vicky's apartment, the two hotties perform a cam show for Vicky's Web site, masturbating and

But Vicky never blushes when she's getting banged on film.

sucking each other. Vicky fakes her orgasm, but Devon's was real. When we get ready to leave, Vicky realizes she'd forgotten to shut the ground floor unit's blinds. Oh, well!

Next, it's off to the Adult Industry Medical Healthcare Foundation in the San Fernando Valley for urine and blood tests. Clad in jeans, orange halter and high heels, Vicky pouts, "I'm tired of getting gonorrhea and chlamydia, then passing it on to my boyfriends."

In the car, I learn that although blind in one eye, Vicky still drives—or at least tries to. Fond of dressing inappropriately in public (like today), she's made panty-revealing miniskirts her apparent garb of choice. Once, I had to point out that her areolas were showing. It should come as no surprise that Vicky is approached frequently, but the busty beauty gets annoyed when men who aren't rich or attractive hit on her. "It's tiresome," she says.

We make a stop to buy a digital microphone at Radio Shack. Back at her place, Vicky eagerly attaches the device to a computer through which she can make free international calls. She's contacting London-based film-licensing attorney Dave Cordrey, a member of her Web site. When Cordrey learned that VV was dancing at L.A.'s Rio strip club in April '06, he flew across the Atlantic to see his dreamgirl. The Brit swept his heartthrob off her feet. Now the lawyer virtually commutes from London to visit his "Petal," as he affectionately calls her. Vicky expects him to arrive the next day.

"How did you find this place?" I ask Vicky of her Beverly Hills residence.

"At first," she replies, "I moved into Dave's [L.A.] place as a renter. Then I became his part-time roommate. So I got an apartment that came with a boyfriend!"

The couple's one-bedroom apartment is on a street of Spanish- and Tudor-style low-rises. The living room sports a piano (42-year-old Cordrey is an aspiring composer) and a stage with congas, guitars and a stripper pole. Artwork ranges from calligraphy—Japanese characters for "happiness" and "tranquility"—to concert posters, to pop art like a ceramic Incredible Hulk hand. Books such as Baba Ram Dass's *Be Here Now* suggest Dave's spirituality.

The 6-foot-6 Englishman arrives on a Friday. He is personable, charming, looks a bit like an oversized Billy Joel and is absolutely smitten by Vicky. So what's it like being with Vicky Vette?

"She's the sweetest girl in the world," Cordrey raves. "Great! Amazing! I love her to death."

When we arrive at the restaurant Asia de Cuba in the Sunset Strip's Mondrian Hotel, Dave and Vicky are head-turners. All eyes are glued on the larger-than-life couple as we sit on a terrace with huge bougainvillea-bearing flowerpots.

"What's your Georgia home like?"I ask Vicky.

"It's a log cabin in the backwoods," Vicky dreamily replies. Then she asks if I want to go there.

"Sure," I say.

A FEW DAYS LATER, when we arrive at Atlanta International Airport, I get the feeling that *log cabin* may mean different things to different people. Located an hour north of Atlanta, Vic's *house* is in a gated community and has a faux log façade—hardly the hillbilly shack she evoked back in L.A.

The two-story house-that-porn-built is spacious but messy. Her clothes, gizmos and bric-a-brac consume an office. Self-help books that Vicky never reads line shelves. A fireplace and big-screen TV dominate the living room. She'll spend the night on the large double bed downstairs in the master bedroom. I'll be camping

Getting tested for STDs is a big part of any XXXer's routine.

Vicky is all smiles when reunited with her dream guy, Dave Cordrey.

The "dual resident" prepares for another trip back to her Georgia digs.

out in the small upstairs bedroom, which is crammed with her wardrobe.

As usual, before calling it a day, Vicky works on her Web site, catching up with hundreds of e-mails. She rarely goes to bed before 4 a.m. and rises at 10. The phone rings a lot. Except for Atkins bars, the fridge is empty, her oven untouched.

Oddly, the back door is unhinged, held in place by knives wedged in the cracks. "Why is the back door held in place by blades?" I inquire.

Vicky looks at me as if I'd just broached a very touchy subject. She leads me outside to a tranquil, tree-lined lake in the planned subdivision. Her Shih Tzu, Stinkie, blithely romps in the grass, and ducks swoop down to land on a picnic table. I realize we are settling in for a true heart-to-heart talk.

"When I was five," Vicky starts pensively, "family problems drove me, my mother and her husband from Norway to Montreal. There was lots of alcoholism in my family. I just thought it was normal for people to drink until they passed out, get up the next day and not remember anything. I started drinking at three, abused alcohol and marijuana, suffered blackouts and contemplated suicide until I entered AA at age 20.

"I studied accounting at Canadian colleges while working for various companies. I always had real conservative jobs, wore suits, carried a briefcase, but lived a double life. Nighttime, I'd be in swing clubs licking pussy, having group sex. When I was 20, I got married in a drunken stupor. It was annulled after three months."

Lost in thought, Vicky shakes her head, recalling the time she went back to Norway a year or so later. Through a meeting arranged by her grandfather, she met her biological father for the first time. Her mother had warned Vicky to avoid her real dad, insisting that any memories she had of him were merely figments of her imagination.

"When we met," Vicky reminisces, "I recognized my father as the man in my memories."

Years later, Vicky met her second husband, Frank, at an Alcoholics Anonymous gathering. He was 15 years older, athletic and handsome. The couple wed, then moved to Georgia in 1998, where they started a business building custom log cabins. On the side, they led a nudist and swingers lifestyle. Unfortunately, throughout their marriage, Frank physically abused Vicky.

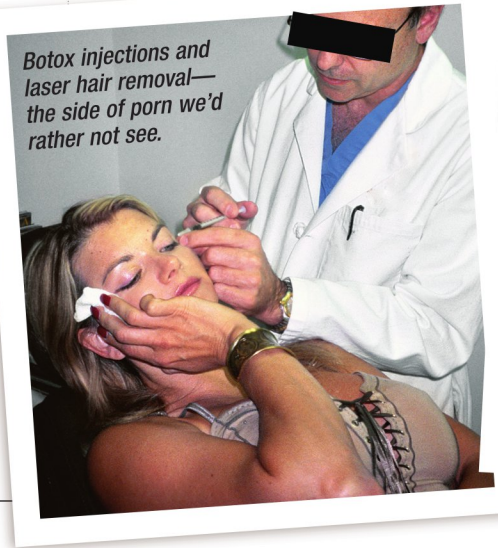
"He had a chemical imbalance," Vicky informs me. "He could be Prince Charming, then Frankenstein."

Over the years, Frank became increasingly violent, refusing to go on medication because of the side effects on his libido.

"In early January [2006] the beating was real severe," Vicky continues. "I had to call 911. I locked him out, but he busted the back door right off its hinges."

I recall the question that spurred this deeply moving conversation. Making eye contact with me and close to tears, Vicky tells me that she really believed the police saved her life. "They came just in the nick of time," she murmurs. "He would've killed me."

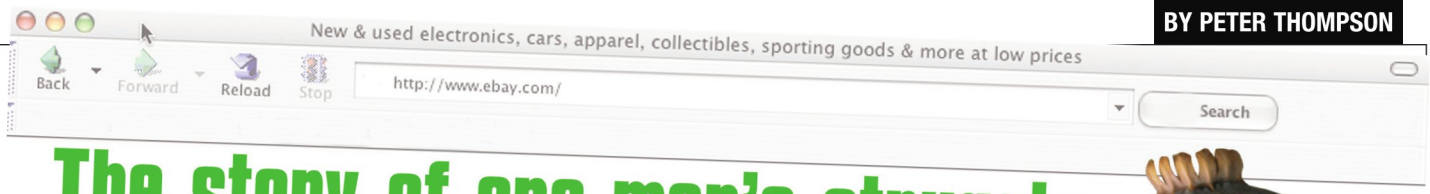
Faced with a five-year prison term and the loss of his soul mate, Frank told Vicky that he'd kill himself in his jail cell if he couldn't live with her anymore. *(continued on page 84)*



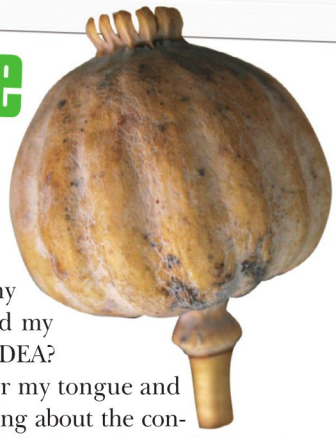
Botox injections and laser hair removal—the side of porn we'd rather not see.

Confessions of an eBay Opium Addict

BY PETER THOMPSON



The story of one man's struggle with his need for poppy tea.



COLUMBUS DAY ALMOST KILLED ME. I woke up under an avalanche of junkyard pain, my body a trap of torn nerves. An oily rash of sweat had soaked through my pillow and into the mattress. I coughed, confused and crazy with anger. A throbbing chemical sunburn covered my face; my bowels wanted to spit hot mercury. I slid out of bed and dropped to the floor. It felt like the weight of a snarling mountain gorilla was bearing me down. I saw myself in the mirror as I fell. I looked puffy.

Outside, the sun was terrifying. The hiss from a neighbor's dancing sprinkler got into my head; it felt as if my blood was flammable and would ignite at the next *clickity-clack*.

Only the Priority Mail package from my eBay dealer could save me, but the mailbox was empty. I hit the computer. The USPS Web site tracker verified that my poppies had been delivered to Reno (my hometown) at 10:32 a.m.

Where the hell were they? I typed a threatening e-mail to my supplier, but didn't send it. Had my package been intercepted by the DEA?

I stuck some Klonopin under my tongue and drove to the post office, not caring about the consequences of asking for my boxful of poppies. Hell, it's easier to get drugs in fucking prison. But the post office door was stuck. I pushed, pulled. It was locked. Closed for Columbus Day.

Christopher Columbus? No wonder people hate that bastard. He's been dead 500 years and still causes shit.

Back home, I took a dozen Benadryls, but lay awake for the next two days waiting and checking until my package came. The postman had decided to make a long weekend out of the cheap-ass holiday, depriving me of my box-a-day poppies. I had endured the worst part of withdrawal—the first 48 hours—but when that box finally arrived, I ripped its pull string and dumped a dozen pods onto the bed, trying to eat one whole like a starving refugee. I crushed 20 of them and brewed a crude tea, drank it and felt the rabid glow of health return in seconds.

Months prior, looking for a new high, I had decided to try eBay as a drug marketplace. So I typed "poppy pods" into the search bar, steering me to a category labeled Crafts>Floral Supplies>Flowers, Foliage>Dried.

My ensuing query turned up all sizes and quantities of poppies. Some, called gigantheums, were as big as tennis balls. A special of "600 XXL-sized gigantheums" went for $399. Fortunately, for serious crafting projects, financing was available for $17 per month.

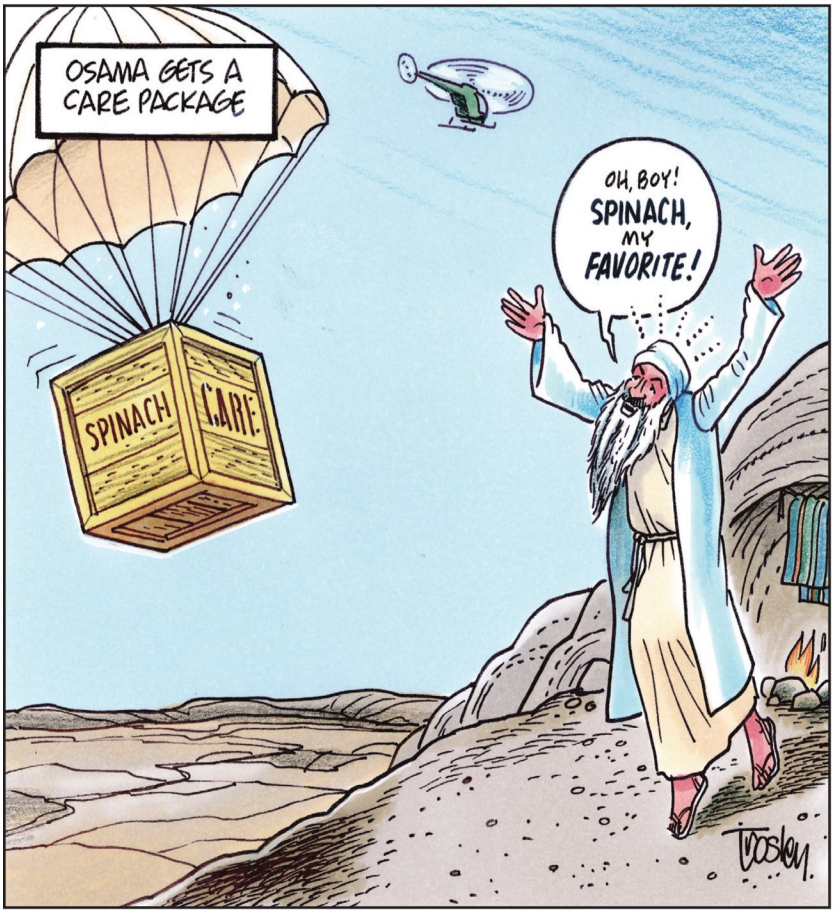
I ordered a few dozen dried flowers from a seller with more than 3,000 positive-feedback points and a name that was a clever double entendre on horticulture and getting high. At first, the plants came rubber-banded by the dozen with the stems intact, but after a few more orders, the seller cut out the pretense and just sent the pods themselves.

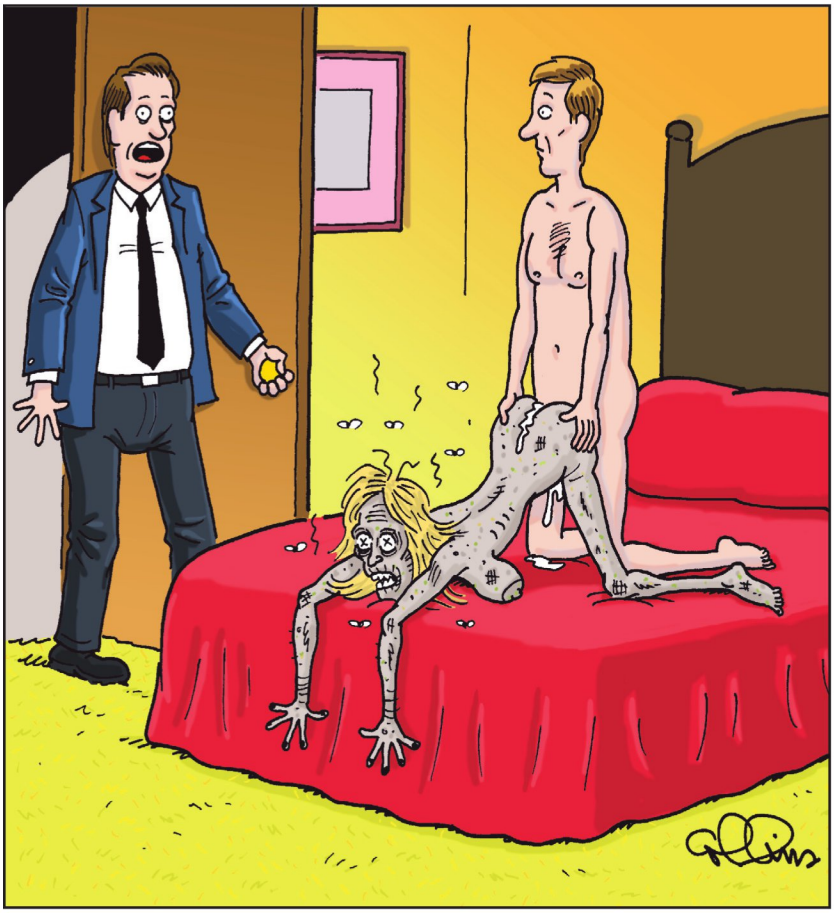
Now, with my new shipment at hand, I hastened to make my first batch of poppy tea. The first taste gave off a steamy insult. Even after being filtered twice, the manna was as putrid as warm pus. It seemed completely undrinkable. Its fermented, earthy taste had to be chased with soda. The dark grinds of crushed seed and sediment formed a repulsive grit in a half-ring around the bottom of the mixing bowl.

As I poured the slosh into what would become my ceremonial chalice—a child's plastic cereal bowl with a built-in silly straw—I learned how to deal with the

Peter's Simple Poppy Tea Recipe

1. **Do you really want to do this?** Log onto eBay and search for poppy pods. Order and wait.
2. **Take two to six dried/wet poppies** and place them in a blender. Err on the side of caution and use two to start, unless you drink methadone for breakfast. You don't want to overdose. Trust me. It's possible. I once OD'd and woke up in a puddle of gravylike puke two days later. It felt like I was trapped in a jelly sandwich for the next week. Not nice.
3. **Are you sure you want to do this?**
4. **That part about shitting a dry pine cone** through a tiny hole in a brick is true.
5. **Mix in hot water,** not boiling, just hot enough to scald and blend until liquid.
6. **Pop a couple of Benadryl.**
7. **Add liquor to taste.** I prefer vodka. You can also add a dash of lemon juice. A couple of dashes, actually.
8. **Strain poppy pulp** into ridiculous kiddie bowl.
9. **Hold your breath** and get a firm grip on the floor. This stuff tastes pretty bad.
10. **Chase with liquor** or a sweet soft drink.
11. **Thank our foreign policy in Afghanistan** for allowing the influx of poppies into the eBay conduit.
12. **Always respect the poppy.**





"Oh, no! My best friend and my late wife!"

Confessions of an eBay Opium Addict

opium tea's nauseating properties: quick gulps.

Fifteen minutes after downing my first serving of poppy-pod tea, my head was an overstuffed pillow that might have softly imploded at any minute, and it didn't matter. Nothing did. A pleasant pressure settled on the back of my neck. I felt the promise of a divine massage as the sensation spread through my shoulders and opened my ribs like wings. My thoughts slowed down until everything seemed to fold neatly inside everything else.

I needed more. Shaking with drug-induced euphoria, I boiled some water and slurred the mix around until it poured out in a pale, yellow oil. I added some lemon and forced it down. Thirty minutes later I was a poppy plant floating in the vase of my own body. It felt like I had a headache that didn't hurt, just these pleasant vexations best described as an innocent passport to paradise.

By the next morning, things tended to irritate me, and the return of the sun seemed a horrifying affront. I covered the windows with blankets.

Then I had to crap…badly. I would soon learn that opium tea slows down the bowels. As an experienced podhead, I carry laxatives before any major binge. Opium bungs things up the way eating a beach towel might. When bowel movements do finally make their exit, they feel like pine cones being forced through a tiny hole in a dry brick.

I was using 60 crushed pods per day—swallowing gallons of liquid and pissing out about $300 a week worth of pod matter. Bowl after bowl of bliss, all sucked down with a silly straw. After four months of use, I gained 65 pounds, almost exclusively around the middle, from the constipating bloat and junk-food chasers.

Finally, I ended up at a motel in Carson City, Nevada. My wife hadn't kicked me out. She didn't even tell me to stop drinking the tea. There had been no ultimatum. I just packed three huge boxes of poppies, grabbed the blender and some junk food and drove off. I didn't tell her where I was going. I didn't know. That was my low point.

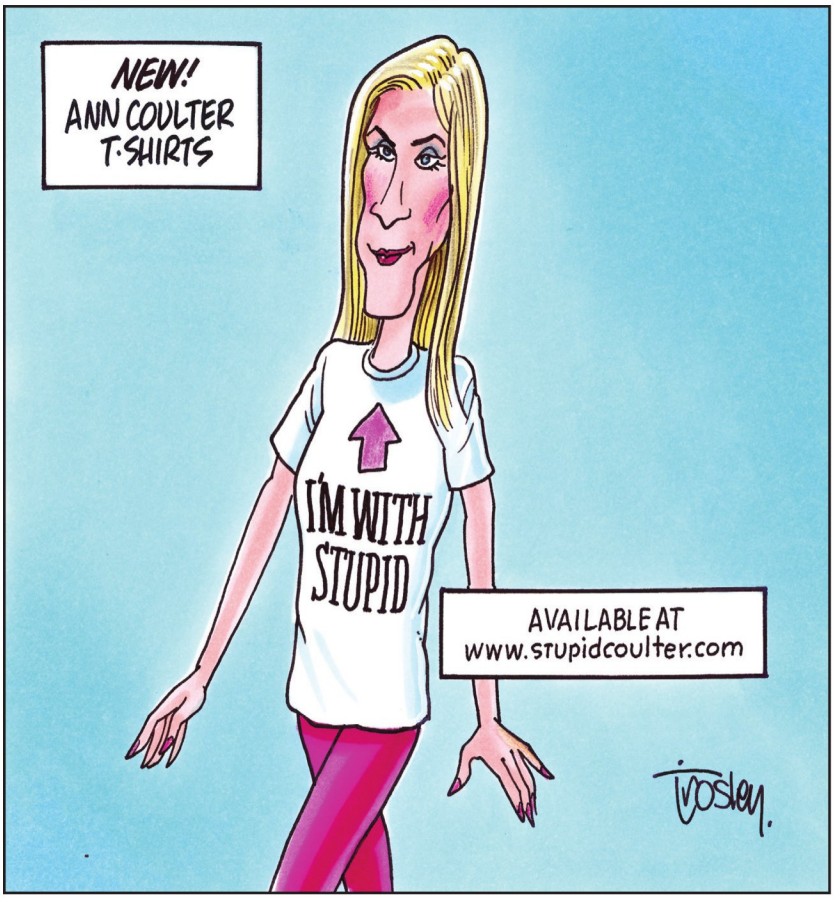
For the next 12 days I stopped cold turkey, my existence nothing but flu-like misery and restless thoughts of sawing off my head with a bowie knife. I also considered lobotomy by knitting needle.

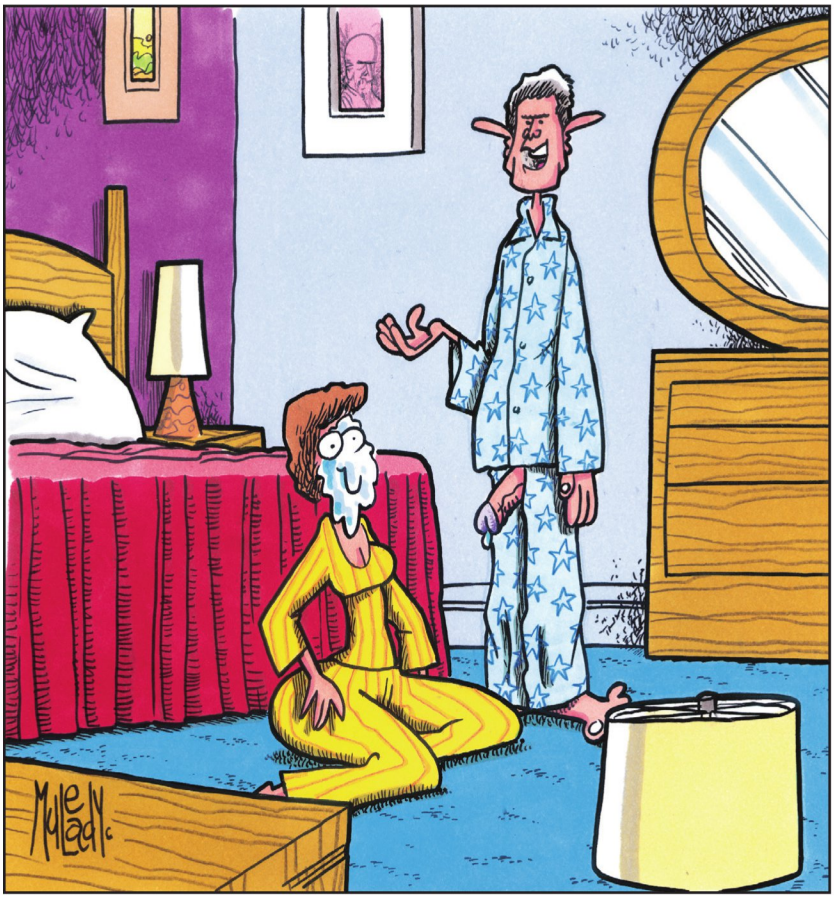
Yes, it was quite a struggle, but I've now been completely off opium tea for almost a year.

Native New Yorker Peter Thompson currently resides in northern Nevada, where he is writing Pig's Big Win, a memoir of his marriage to a legal prostitute. The pill-popping former managing editor of Cheri magazine is waiting for the statute of limitations to expire on a litany of charges.

LORENZO SPERLONGA

LorenzoSperlonga.com





"I'd apologize for blowing my load on your face after I said I wouldn't, but you know me, Laura, I don't give a shit what anyone else thinks!"

The Real Vicky Vette

(continued from page 79) "I said, 'Well, go ahead and kill yourself,' Vicky whispers. On January 30, 2006, Frank died after injecting himself with cocaine, heroin and other drugs. When pressed on the subject, Vicky says the cause of death was an overdose, but suicide was the motive.

"You were weak to stay in an abusive relationship for 18 years," I say flippantly.

"Living with abuse only proves how *strong* I am," she counters. I shut up.

THE NEXT DAY we head to the Buckhead Plastic Surgery & Cosmetic Surgery Center so Vicky can undergo ELOS (electro-optical surgery) hair removal treatments. In the operating room, she strips and lathers pain-reducing ointment on her underarms, face and genitals.

Lisa, a licensed medical esthetics nurse, performs laser surgery. For two hours Vicky endures pinpricks of concentrated heat. As if it's typical girl talk, Vicky and Lisa chitchat about physical imperfections. "How can I get rid of my zits and facial discoloration from my thyroid condition?" Vicky asks. Lisa recommends the pricey microdermabrasion procedure.

Dr. Alan Larsen then prepares Botox injections to remove Vicky's frown lines. After marking a series of dots up Vic's chin and across her forehead, he injects her 17 times.

A bit later we stop at Solar Nails Beauty Salon. There, Vietnamese beauticians wait on Vicky hand, foot and eyebrow as she sits completely relaxed, ensconced in a throne of mini-whirlpools and massages.

I wait in the lobby with my notepad.

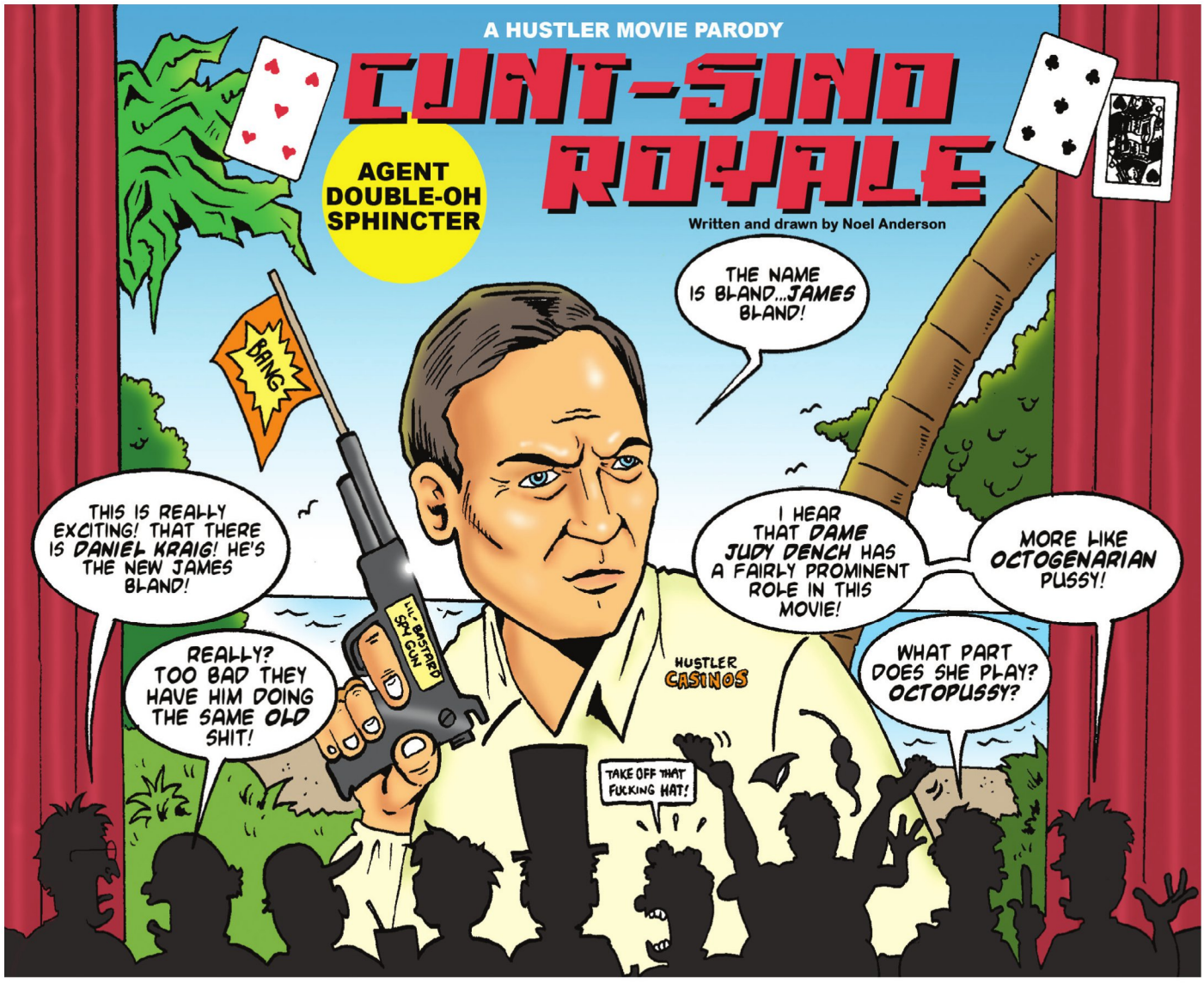
Eventually, I ask Vicky why she is so obsessed with her appearance. Sounding a bit like one of the Stepford Wives, she replies: "People judge a book by its cover and make decisions about you as soon as they meet you. You should be dressed suitably for every occasion. Looking good makes me feel good. When I put on bright colors, cheerful clothes, flowery, feminine stuff, it just makes me feel good, soft, feminine and girly."

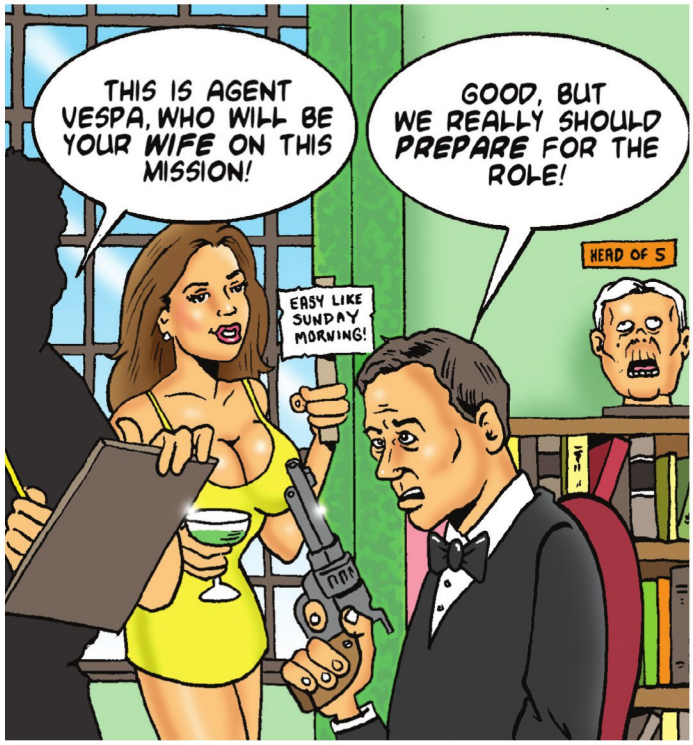
RIGHT AROUND MY RETURN TO L.A., late in June '06, Vicky flew to London to celebrate her 41st birthday with Dave. There, Mr. Cordrey proposed to his "Petal."

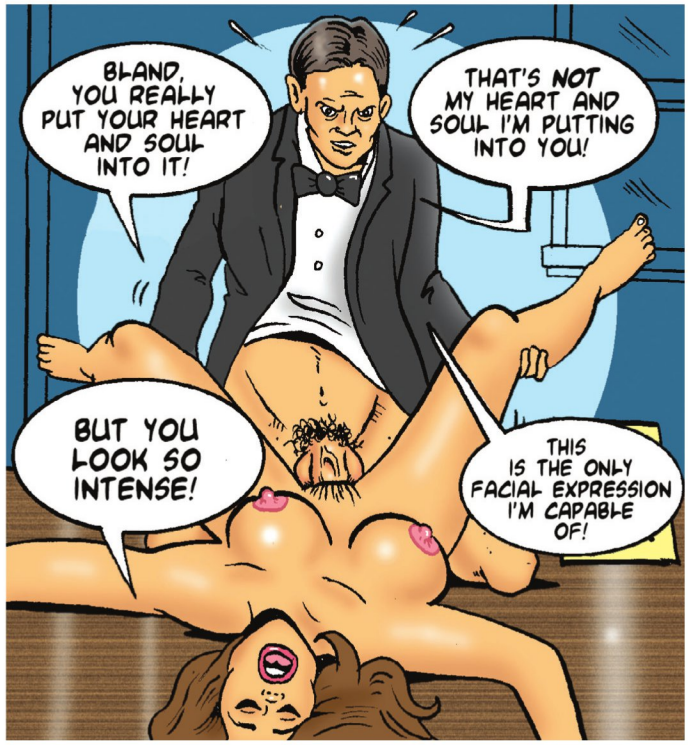
"It's a beautiful ring!" the bride-to-be gushed joyfully to me over the phone. "He said he didn't want to put any pressure on me, but it's a 'symbol of his intention.' He gave me a five-year open-ended engagement."

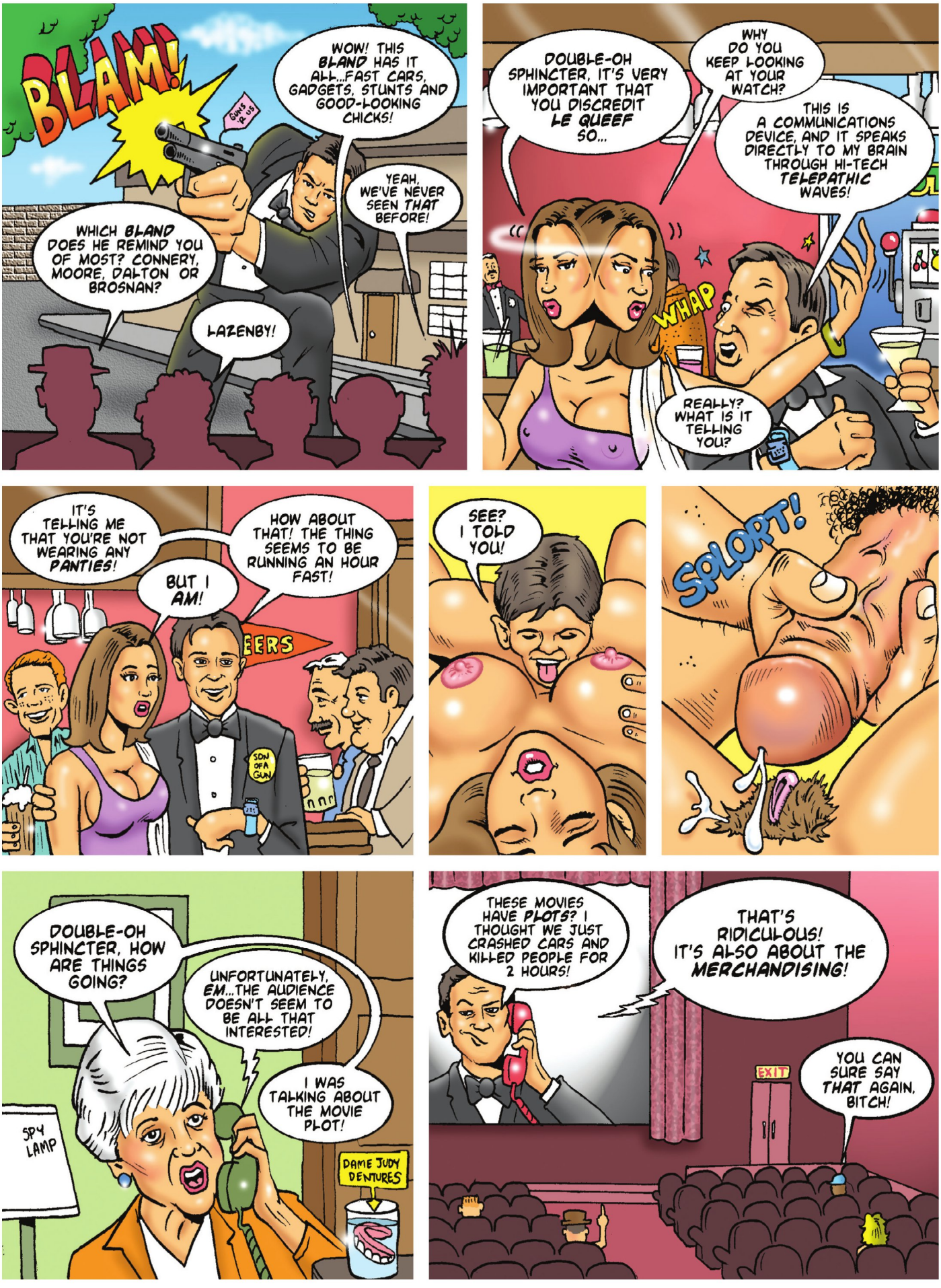
Bet you didn't know the life of an adult actress could be so romantic!

Ed Rampell is co-author of Hollywood's Films of Hawaii and the South Seas, Made in Paradise and Pearl Harbor in the Movies. The frequent HUSTLER contributor has reported for ABC News' 20/20, Reuters, AP, Variety, Mother Jones, The Nation, Alternet, the L.A. Times and the L.A. Daily News.


A HUSTLER MOVIE PARODY
CUNT-SINO ROYALE
AGENT DOUBLE-OH SPHINCTER
Written and drawn by Noel Anderson
THE NAME IS BLAND...JAMES BLAND!
BANG
I.E.D. BASTARD SPY GUN
THIS IS REALLY EXCITING! THAT THERE IS DANIEL KRAIG! HE'S THE NEW JAMES BLAND!
REALLY? TOO BAD THEY HAVE HIM DOING THE SAME OLD SHIT!
I HEAR THAT DAME JUDY DENCH HAS A FAIRLY PROMINENT ROLE IN THIS MOVIE!
MORE LIKE OCTOGENARIAN PUSSY!
HUSTLER CASINOS
WHAT PART DOES SHE PLAY? OCTOPUSSY?
TAKE OFF THAT FUCKING HAT!


THIS IS AGENT VESPA, WHO WILL BE YOUR WIFE ON THIS MISSION!
GOOD, BUT WE REALLY SHOULD PREPARE FOR THE ROLE!
HEAD OF S
EASY LIKE SUNDAY MORNING!


BLAND, YOU REALLY PUT YOUR HEART AND SOUL INTO IT!
THAT'S NOT MY HEART AND SOUL I'M PUTTING INTO YOU!
BUT YOU LOOK SO INTENSE!
THIS IS THE ONLY FACIAL EXPRESSION I'M CAPABLE OF!


BLAM!
GUNS R US
WOW! THIS BLAND HAS IT ALL...FAST CARS, GADGETS, STUNTS AND GOOD-LOOKING CHICKS!
YEAH, WE'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE!
WHICH BLAND DOES HE REMIND YOU OF MOST? CONNERY, MOORE, DALTON OR BROSNAN?
LAZENBY!
DOUBLE-OH SPHINCTER, IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT YOU DISCREDIT LE QUEEF SO...
WHY DO YOU KEEP LOOKING AT YOUR WATCH?
THIS IS A COMMUNICATIONS DEVICE, AND IT SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO MY BRAIN THROUGH HI-TECH TELEPATHIC WAVES!
WHAP
REALLY? WHAT IS IT TELLING YOU?
IT'S TELLING ME THAT YOU'RE NOT WEARING ANY PANTIES!
BUT I AM!
HOW ABOUT THAT! THE THING SEEMS TO BE RUNNING AN HOUR FAST!
EERS
SON OF A GUN
SEE? I TOLD YOU!
SPLORT!
DOUBLE-OH SPHINCTER, HOW ARE THINGS GOING?
UNFORTUNATELY, EM...THE AUDIENCE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ALL THAT INTERESTED!
I WAS TALKING ABOUT THE MOVIE PLOT!
SPY LAMP
DAME JUDY DENTURES
THESE MOVIES HAVE PLOTS? I THOUGHT WE JUST CRASHED CARS AND KILLED PEOPLE FOR 2 HOURS!
THAT'S RIDICULOUS! IT'S ALSO ABOUT THE MERCHANDISING!
EXIT
YOU CAN SURE SAY THAT AGAIN, BITCH!

OH, LE QUEEF! WOULD YOU MIND IF MY WIFE AND I JOINED YOU?
YOU AND YOUR WIFE? I'M NOT SOME KIND OF FUCKING IDIOT! I KNOW VERY WELL WHO YOU AND YOUR FEMALE FRIEND ARE!
NO DICE!
PETER SELLERS AND URSULA ANDRESS!
I BELIEVE I'LL HAVE MY ROGUE'S GALLERY OF VILLAINOUS HENCHMEN KILL THE TWO OF YOU!
WHERE'S LE QUEEF?
GO FISH
MY, THIS SEEMS RATHER ARBITRARY!
I'D HAVE TO AGREE!
SORRY, FELLAS! THE ENTIRE MOVIE CAN'T JUST BE POMPOUS ASSHOLES SITTING AROUND PLAYING CARDS! PEOPLE MIGHT THINK THAT THEY'RE WATCHING ESPN!
PUNT
KICK!
DISPOSABLE HENCHMAN
OH, SHIT! NOT ONLY DID LE QUEEF KIDNAP VESPA WHILE I WAS SINGLE-HANDEDLY DEFEATING HIS LARGE GANG OF TOUGHS, BUT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH I LOST THE CREASE IN MY TROUSERS!
AMBULANCE
OW!
CLIMBING TO LE QUEEF'S PENTHOUSE ALLOWS ME TO PONDER CERTAIN QUESTIONS! WHO TIPPED LE QUEEF OFF? WHY WOULD HE KIDNAP VESPA?
AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, WHY DIDN'T I TAKE THE STAIRS?
BATMAN?
IT APPEARS I HAVE SOMETHING THAT YOU WANT, MR. BLAND!
YEAH, AN OUT IN YOUR CONTRACT! YOU'RE DONE AFTER THIS FLICK! I'M LOCKED INTO THREE MORE OF THESE FUCKING THINGS!
YIKES! YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK THAT ONE THROUGH!
CAST JACKET
LAYER CAKE
HOT HEAD
PROM TUX

TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY NEW RUG BEATER? WHAT'S THE MATTER? DO YOU HAVE SOMETHING STUCK IN YOUR THROAT?
YES, MY BALLS!
CRACK
BUT IT'S BETTER TO HAVE YOUR BALLS IN YOUR THROAT THAN NO BALLS AT ALL! THIS IS FOR TAKING MY BITCH, BITCH!
HAW!
NUMB NUTS
OH, JAMES! NOT ONLY DID YOU BLOW HIS NUTS OFF, BUT YOU DEMONSTRATED HOW SENSITIVE YOU ARE...AND THAT YOU LOVE ME! YOU'RE ONE DELICATE HUMAN BEING!
WHATEVER!
I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A SENSITIVE MAN LIKE YOU!
GOOD! I'D REALLY LIKE TO PUT IT IN YOUR ASS!
SIGH! I SUPPOSE YOU CAN!
AWESOME! HOMMINA-HOMMINA-HOMMINA!
THE SPY WHO PLUGGED ME!
SLAP SLAP
OPEN WIDE FOR MY LOAD, VESPA!
ASS TO MOUTH, JAMES? GROSS!
I THINK YOU RIPPED MY ASSHOLE OPEN!
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME DOUBLE-OH SPHINCTER!
CALL ME!
YEAH, SURE!
END

SH

BREA LYNN

E GETS WET

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

When we catch up with this little darling, she has some very big news. “I’ve been working as a stripper for a while now and have always wanted to do more,” Brea announces. “First, I got to pose nude for HUSTLER, and now I just signed a deal with Vivid Video! I’m going to start doing hard-core porn flicks in a couple of weeks, and I’m totally psyched!”

As one would expect, Brea has no inhibitions in the bedroom. “I guess you can say I’ve fulfilled all of my sexual fantasies at this point,” she coos. “I’ve done and tried everything there is to try. I’ve been with a couple of guys, a guy and a girl, a couple of girls and even a group. If it feels good, I’m into it.”

Of all her sexploits, what does the bodacious goddess like best? “When it comes to guys, I love

being on top when I'm getting it on. I also love being fucked from behind. With chicks, it's all about toys. Recently, my girlfriends and I played around with strap-ons, and that was so dirty and so hot!"

Apparently, Brea spends her time away from the lens and brass pole just being a typical girl. "I love to shop," she says. "It's fun to just go out and blow all kinds of money on shoes and sexy little outfits. I also enjoy just hanging out and being lazy. There's nothing better than a nice midday nap—preferably right after some sweaty sex!"

As for what lies ahead, the arousing Arizonan wants even more on her plate. "I would love to be able to complete my degree in nursing while maintaining my porn career," Brea murmurs. "If things work out, I may be able to do both at the same time. After all, who doesn't love a sexy nurse?!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BREA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Chandler, Arizona

AGE
20

BIRTH SIGN
Gemini

EYES
green and hazel

HAIR
blond

HEIGHT
5-2

MEASUREMENTS
32DD-24-32

Two 90-year-old farmers were sitting around bored silly. They had already had sex with all the barnyard animals, and it seemed there was nothing else to do. One geezer turned to his buddy and announced, "You know, we've screwed the sheep, the chickens and the cows, but I ain't really satisfied just yet."

The other farmer suggested, "Well, how about if I screw you?!"

"I don't know, man," farmer one sighed. "That doesn't sound good to me."

"Let's just try it," farmer two insisted. "If you don't like it, just make an animal noise, and I'll stop. If you like it, just sing me a song, and I'll know I can continue."

So the first farmer dropped trou, bent over and let his pal sodomize him. In less than a minute he was bellowing, "Mo-o-o-o-o-o-o-n River...!"

A plain Jane went into a tattoo parlor to get a Santa Claus for the inside of her left thigh. Noticing a Pilgrim tattooed on the woman's right inner thigh, the artist asked if there was any significance to the bewildering combination.

The chick explained, "I just want my boyfriend to stop grumbling that there's nothing good to eat between Thanksgiving and Christmas!"

Question: Why do Sumo wrestlers shave their legs?

Answer: So nobody will mistake them for lesbians.

As we struggle to understand the escalating violence in the Middle East, it is important for those of all faiths to recognize these four religious truths:

1. Muslims do not recognize Jews as God's chosen people.

2. Jews do not recognize Jesus as the Messiah.

3. Protestants do not recognize the Pope as the leader of the Christian world.

4. Baptists do not recognize each other at Hooters.

Best friends Fred and Harold were sitting at the bar on a Saturday night when Fred, a real wise guy, blurted out, "I think I might have to call my doctor on Monday."

"Why?" the always-serious Harold asked. "What's wrong?"

"Last night I noticed a big lump on my dick," Fred confided.

"Gee," his sensitive pal huffed. "That sounds scary!"

About to burst out laughing, Fred delivered the punch line: "Fortunately, after a couple of hours, she put on her panties and went home!"

Question: What does a hooker call cocksucking in the backseat of a Honda?

Answer: Her Civic duty.

While traveling through an unfamiliar town, a motorist found himself completely lost. Spotting a fair-haired gal on the sidewalk, he pulled over and asked, "How do you get to Ridgemont?"

The gum-chewing blonde sauntered over, leaned in through the passenger-side window and said, "My aunt takes me."

Question: What happened to the ugly woman who had only two chances to get pregnant?

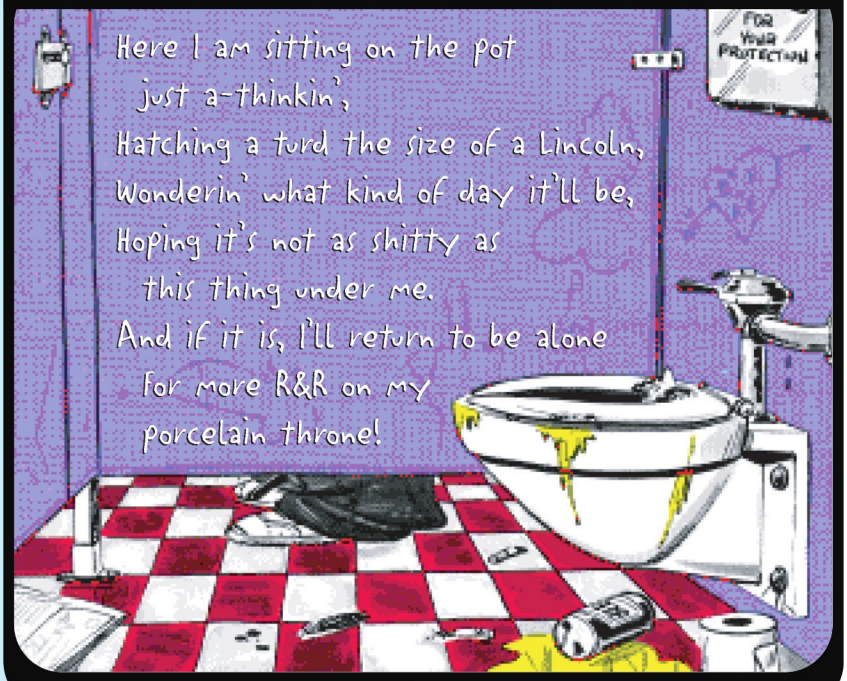
Answer: She blew both of them.

A crusty Native American was asked by a census-taker what his wife's name was, and he replied, "I call my squaw Three Horse."

"That's a strange one," the younger man remarked. "Why Three Horse?"

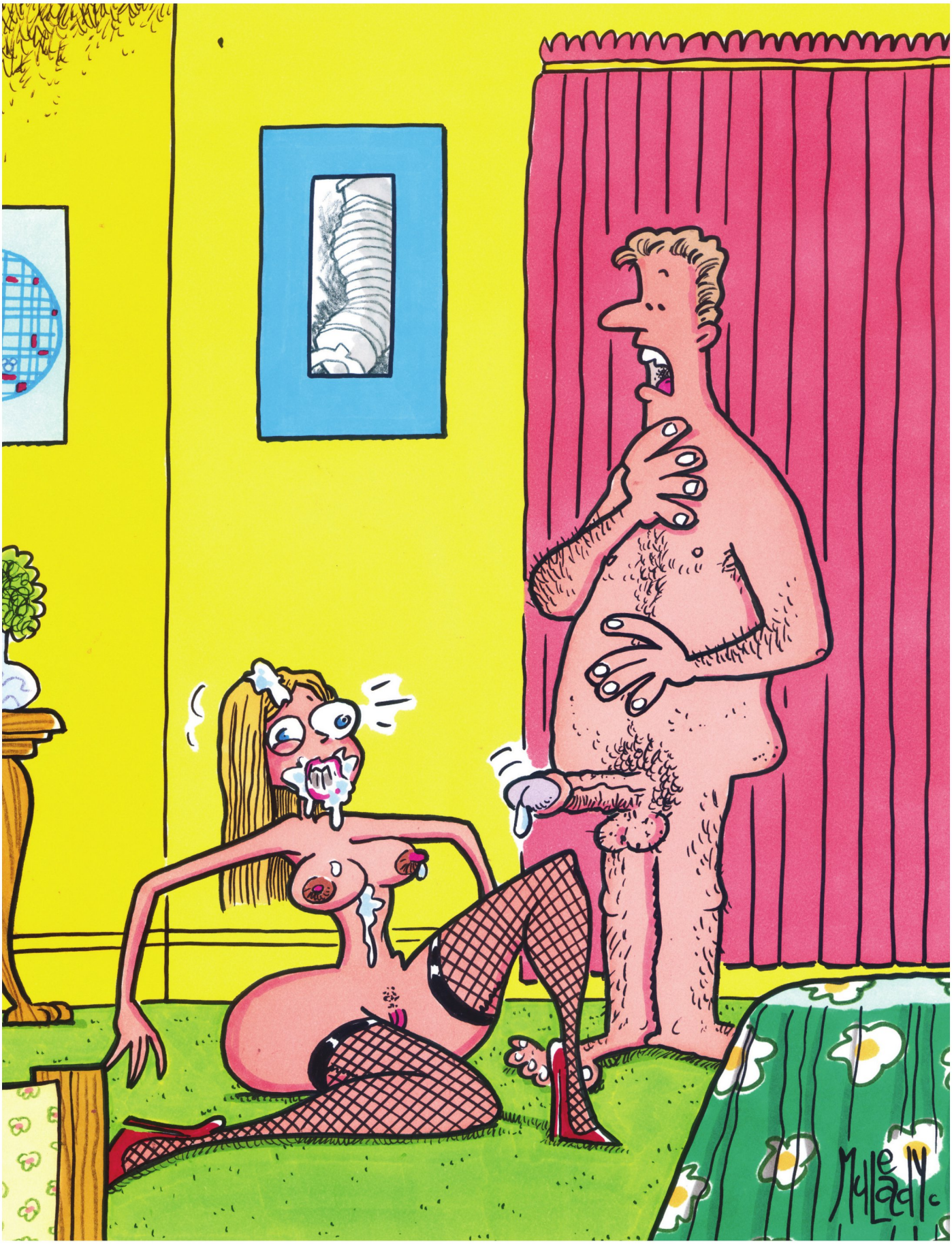
The Indian muttered, "Nag, nag, nag!"

GRAFFILTHY


Here I am sitting on the pot
just a-thinkin',
Hatching a turd the size of a Lincoln,
Wonderin' what kind of day it'll be,
Hoping it's not as shitty as
this thing under me.
And if it is, I'll return to be alone
For more R&R on my
porcelain throne!
FOR YOUR PROTECTION

Thanks and $50 go to Ron S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Damn, I wasn't gonna come in your mouth, but my dick went ahead and did it anyway! I think we have conclusive evidence here of intelligent design."

Motörhead—tough as nails! Left to right: drummer Mikkey Dee, bassist/vocalist Lemmy and guitarist Phil Campbell.

PHOTO BY ROBERT JOHN

motörhead

BY TOM FARRELL

LEMMY LETS LOOSE

IF THERE WERE A MOUNT RUSHMORE for hard rock and heavy metal, Lemmy Kilmister would be Abe Lincoln. Born in England on Christmas Eve 1945, the son of a derelict-dad clergyman became a roadie for the great Jimi Hendrix. Then, after getting the boot from the British group Hawkwind, bass-playing Lemmy founded Motörhead in 1975, relentlessly slogging through album after tour to carve a name for his renegade, groundbreaking band.

Now over 60, but showing no signs of slowing down, the venerable metal icon met up with us at his favorite haunt—West Hollywood's legendary rock hangout the Rainbow—and gave us an earful on the latest Motörhead CD (*Kiss of Death*), the group's fans, the world situation and his assessment of Britain's Bush-lackey prime minister, Tony Blair.

HUSTLER: We don't understand how a guy can go from a prog band like Hawkwind to the working man's metal of Motörhead.

LEMMY: That was a great band, Hawkwind. I enjoyed being in that band. There was a rock element in Hawkwind. But I got fired; that's how I got out.

Didn't you once get busted for possession of speed at the Canadian border?

"America used to be pretty popular in Europe. Now it's a bad word."

They charged me for cocaine, but it wasn't—aha! So it was wrongful arrest, but I got thrown out [of the country].

And out of the Hawkwind ashes rose Motörhead, which has churned out more than 20 awesome albums. Tell us about your new release, *Kiss of Death*.

It's a really good album. You should go out and buy three copies and make me a millionaire. If you feel like taking a chance on your hearing, go get it. (*Smiles.*) It's a good rock 'n' roll album. If you like rock 'n' roll, you'll like this album.

AC/DC has always said, "We're not a heavy metal band. We're a rock band that plays very loud."

They always say that! I've been saying that about Motörhead for years, and nobody took any fucking notice! We always played rock 'n' roll.

Your sound has remained firm and uncompromising for decades.

Well, if you have a good idea, why fuck with it?

You've never catered to trends or gone disco like KISS did with "I Was Made for Loving You."

How did they get away with that?! I don't know how they managed to get away with that shit. And they still have credibility. Motörhead doesn't bow to trends. We have final say over everything.

English and European metal fans seem more supportive than American fans.

They never let go of it, really. Maybe in England, but in Germany, Denmark and Sweden—places like that—they never took on other trends. America is ruled by the media. You can't do anything by word of mouth because the country is so big, so you have to go to radio, but radio never plays anything risky. Everything on radio is safe, which sucks.

That's been a complaint of metal and hard rock bands since the early '80s.

It's still true. Heavy metal and hard rock are some of the most popular music forms on the planet, but they're not fairly represented on the radio.

What country boasts the most ardent Motörhead fans?

*"Joe Petagno is a fine individual. He told me so himself. And you can't argue with facts like that." So says Lemmy in his intro to the Feral House book **Orgasmatron: The Heavy Metal Art of Joe Petagno**. Besides inking a ton of Motörhead album covers, Petagno is responsible for the group's logo, Snaggletooth, whose broken choppers mirror Lemmy's. **Orgasmatron** contains an array of heavy metal and Motörhead art, including "Self Portrait With Motörhead" (above).*

Probably Germany. We always had a big following in Germany, and they stuck with us when we couldn't get arrested. We could always go to Germany and make some money and be able to survive. We owe our existence in many ways to Germany. We've seen German Motörhead fans with our logo tattooed all over their bodies—their backs, faces, everywhere.

We also do very well in England these days after a long hiatus. We couldn't get arrested in England for ages. Since I moved to America, we've taken on the foreign band approach, and foreign bands are always more popular in England than the homegrown ones, but that's probably true everywhere.

If you weren't doing Motörhead, what would you be doing?

I'd probably be in jail. (*Laughs.*)

For what?

I dunno. Drinking. Underage women. I dunno.

Remember, the age of consent is 16 in Utah and South Carolina, among others.

It's 16 in England. It's 16 in most of Europe.

Here, you can vote and enlist at 18, but you can't legally drink until you're 21.

What's wrong with that picture? You can go

"They hit you where you live, and they achieved what they wanted to do: They fucked up American society."

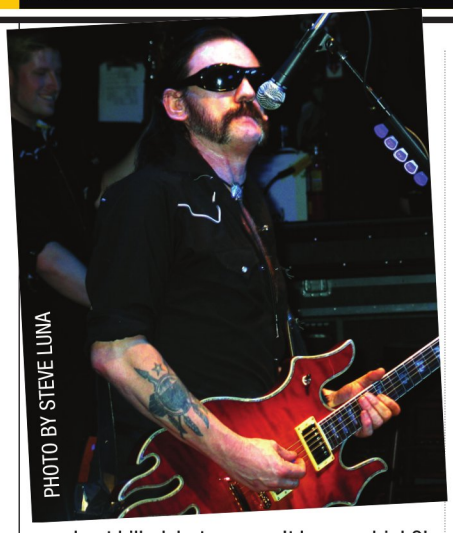


PHOTO BY STEVE LUNA

and get killed, but you can't have a drink?!

The world is in a pretty shitty state these days, and a lot of fingers are rightfully pointing to George W. Bush.

trust anyone who smiles that much.

Your labelmate, Morrissey, once remarked, "We don't hate you, America. We're terrified of you."

I don't think so. We're not terrified of you. At least not the British. Because we've always been fighting alongside you. Why should we be terrified of you? But the Iraq war is just fucked. You've got yourself a brand-new Vietnam. Same thing with Afghanistan. You can't win there. You can't win either of them. And as more Americans get killed there, the more despicable it gets. You should pull out of there and just build a stadium and charge tickets.

Nah, Halliburton would overcharge us for the stadium. And the Iraqis would just blow it up.

"I always hated Tony Blair. I thought he was a cunt from the beginning."

Well, if the cap fits. I mean, it is mostly his fault, isn't it? He's turned the whole world against America in four years. America used to be pretty popular in Europe. Now it's a bad word.

The 9/11 attacks shook America to the core. We thought we were untouchable and well-protected by two oceans. We've always had that sense, and it backed our policy of isolationism.

But it's not really isolationism when you're sending your army abroad to fuck people up. America's never been bombed before. The nearest they ever got was Hawaii, and that's 3,000 miles away.

And when the Japanese hit Hawaii in 1941, we went through the fucking roof.

Well, you went through the roof when [terrorists] hit New York too. New York was much worse than anywhere else could've been. They could've bombed Washington, D.C., and it wouldn't have been as bad. They hit you where you live, and they achieved what they wanted to do: They fucked up American society. Now you can't even get on a plane without having to go through torture. It's no good, and it's not more secure than it used to be.

What are your thoughts on British Prime Minister Tony Blair?

He's George Bush's poodle. I always hated Tony Blair. I thought he was a cunt from the beginning. The new age, the New Labour [Party]. I knew he was a cunt. Never

Yeah, Cheney's the worst one. He's the Machiavelli behind Bush. And that fucking Rumsfeld, what a twat he is.

Many once-apolitical bands are addressing the war in Iraq. What's Motörhead's stance?

Motörhead is apolitical. We hate all the politicians. I hate the politicians in Iraq as much as I hate the politicians in America and England. They're all a bunch of lying, thieving, cheating bastards as far as I'm concerned. One thing I've seen over time: It doesn't matter who you vote for; you always end up with the government.

Meet the new boss, same as the old one?

Yeah, and as soon as they become the government, they fuck you! It's happened all through human history. As soon as they become the leader, you become the follower. Then you're fucked.

Looking back over the years, who are some of your favorite bands?

Deep Purple is [among] the best of them, and AC/DC's probably the best band on the planet. Most of the bands I like are rock 'n' roll bands. I don't really like heavy metal much. There's not a lot of good heavy bands. I mean, Iron Maiden's painting by numbers, more or less. I like Girlschool and Saxon—they're still going—and Zakk Wylde's very good.

Look for Lemmy's new monthly war game review starting next month in the *Game On* section.

SIX-PACK

CDs and DVDs worth looking into.

GREG THE BUNNY
Best of the Film Parodies
Shout Factory

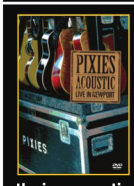
The Bunny is back! Proving that even network cancellation can't keep a good puppet down, Greg The Bunny returns to his IFC roots to mock some of Hollywood's classic films in this two-DVD set. Seth Green returns, along with puppet pals Warren The Ape and Count Blah. Make no mistake; this is not the family-friendly Fox sitcom. *Greg The Bunny* features plenty of graphic violence, illegal drug use, nudity and some puppet sex. *—Keith Valcourt*

THE KILLERS
Sam's Town
Island

With this powerful sophomore outing, The Killers leave no doubt that they're more than a one-album wonder. The band's songwriting is still world class and conjures the ghosts of '80s stalwarts The Fixx, Midnight Oil, Oingo Boingo, Psychedelic Furs and more. Top-notch stuff. *—Tom Farrell*

RUN RUN RUN
Endless Winter
Song & Dance Records

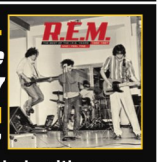
Inspired by late '60s psych-rock outfits and early '90s shoegazers like My Bloody Valentine, the L.A. indie band forges a debut album of hypnotic pop with a rhythmic kick. For a fresh take on an old sound, check out their upbeat, nearly unrecognizable cover of Mazzy Star's hit "Fade Into You." *—Kevin Wright*



PIXIES
Acoustic: Live in Newport
Eagle Rock Entertainment

In 1965 Dylan went electric at the Newport Folk Festival. Forty years later the Pixies unplugged at the same renowned venue for their acoustic breakout. Stripped of the band's trademark feedback and distortion, the melodies and songwriting chops shine on 22 fan-favorite songs. Reunited and rejuvenated, the alternative rockers have created a truly unique concert experience, captured for posterity on 35mm film. *—K.W.*

R.E.M.
And I Feel Fine: The Best of the I.R.S. Years 1982-1987
EMI



This deluxe edition gathers the Georgians' standout material released on the I.R.S. label, with a second CD of rare and unreleased tracks. If you're up for even more vintage R.E.M., there's *When the Light Is Mine*, a DVD that features the group's videos, live cuts and memorable TV appearances. *—K.V.*

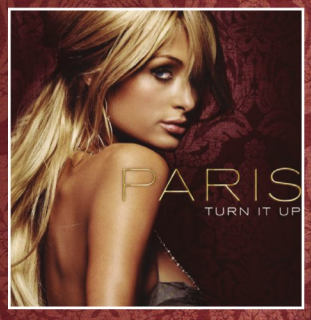
JIGGA JONES
Various
Fall Thru Entertainment

Jigga Jones is a "documentary" about a man named Jiggaboo Jones, an L.A. street thug who wants nothing more than to take your money. Through it all, like some guru on an 8-ball of coke, Jigga spouts his unique brand of ghetto wisdom, proving to the world that he is truly a psychopath. "There's nothing like cuttin' a man's finger off and feedin' it to his ass," the lunatic Jones says. *—Hans Feuersinger*

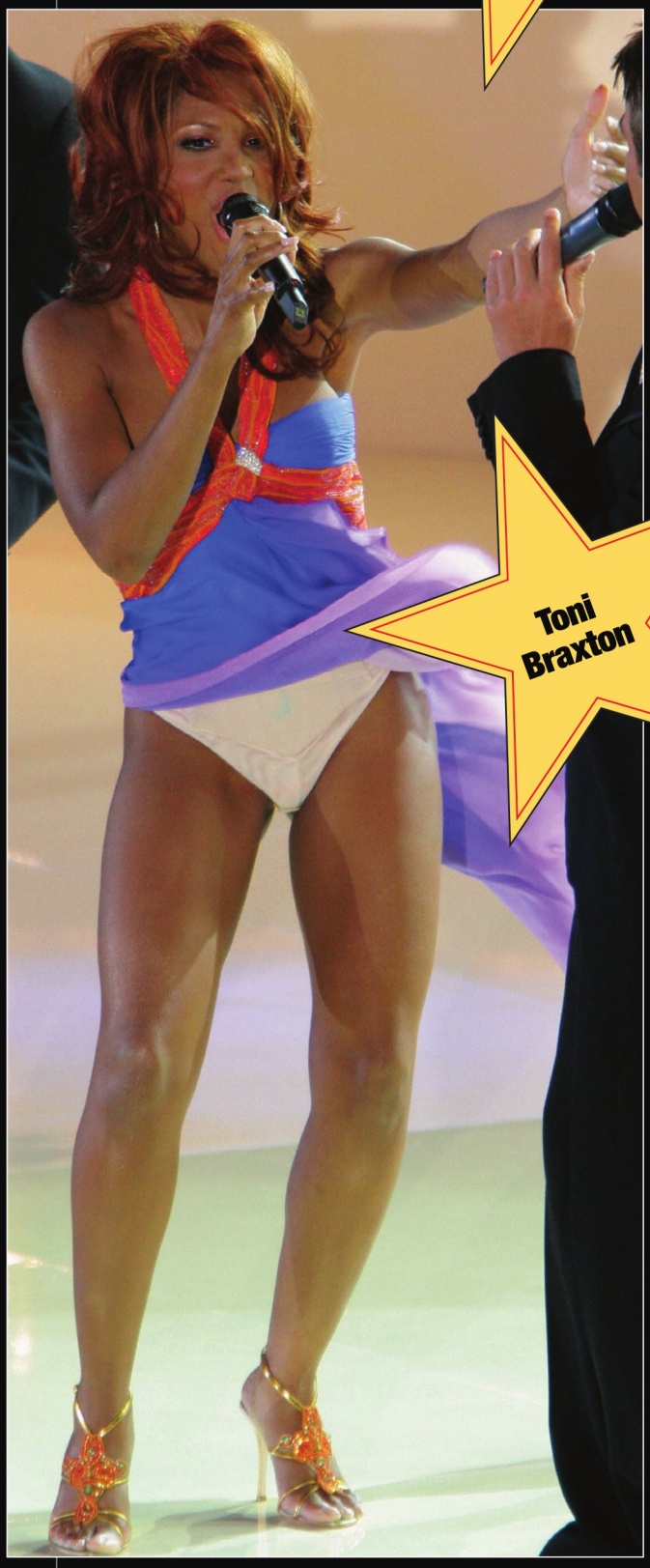
NEWS

FORGET PARIS—OR AT LEAST HER NEW ALBUM

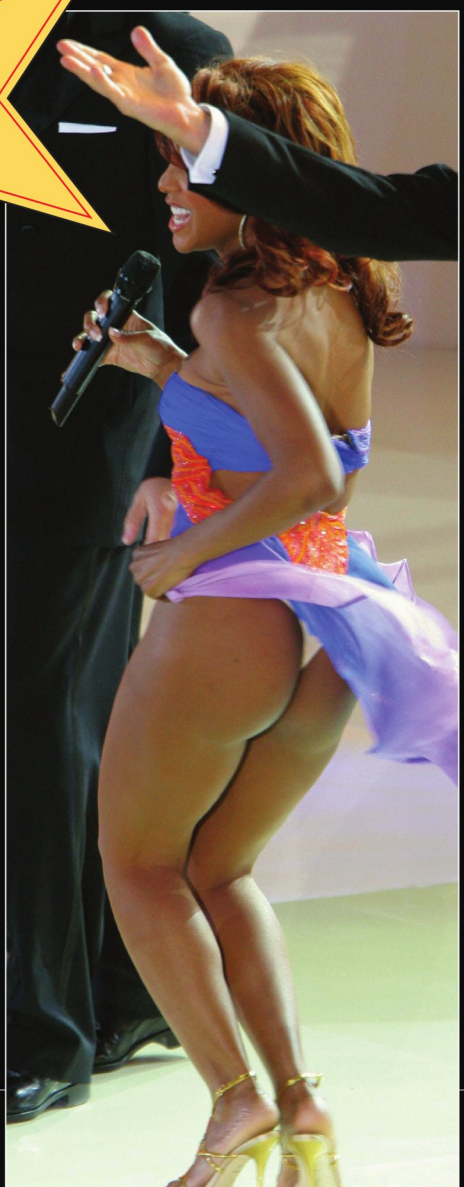
VAPID. SOULLESS. BLAND. INSIPID. And that's just the look on Paris Hilton's face adorning the CD cover. The little rich girl who's famous for being famous for being famous for doing nothing offers up her vocal debut. The disc is ten tracks of overproduced, lame dance pop; and if that weren't bad enough, she tackles Rod Stewart's "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" If you thought it wasn't possible to make one of the suckiest songs of all time even suckier, you were wrong. Deep down, we will all admit to wanting to bone the alluring hotel heiress, but we wish she would do us all a big favor by forgetting "music" and returning to her greatest talent: homemade porn. *—Keith Valcourt*

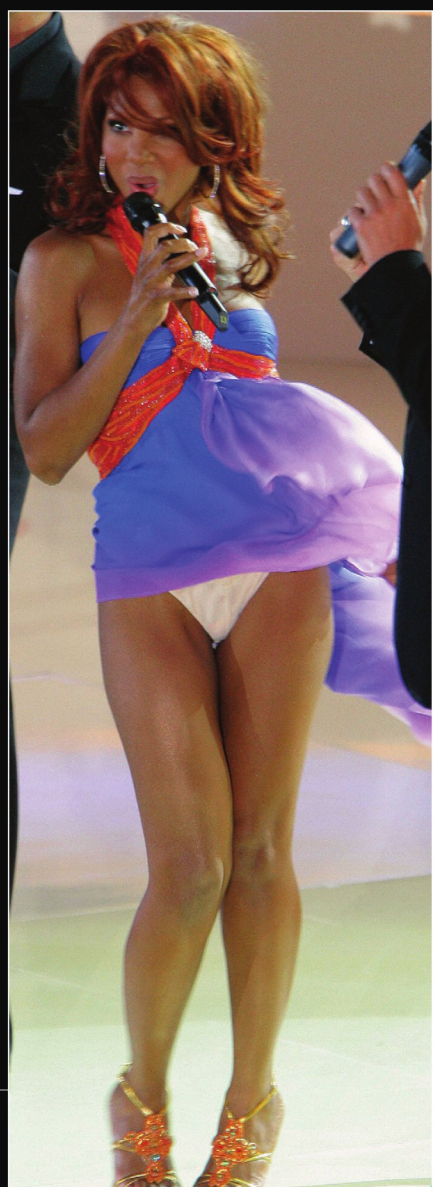


Lindsay Lohan



Toni Braxton





FAMOUS FLESH

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Maria Sharapova, Lindsay Lohan and Toni Braxton!

GAME, SET AND *SNATCH!*

Perky tennis pro **Maria Sharapova** was in the throes of victory at the U.S. Open when our shutterbug caught this shot of the new champion's tightly packed pussy lips. Sure, the 19-year-old Russian walked off with the coveted women's single crown, but we're the real winners with a clear view of the sporty babe's cameltoe. If only more of **Maria**'s rivals donned similar sexy undergarments, then you could even call us tennis fans! We're suckers for girls who wear supersnug panties and love fuzzy balls.

That's party-girl fave **Lindsay Lohan** offering a refreshing peek before climbing into a car in Malibu. Sorry, **Paris**, but you are no longer "hot." It's nice to see the 20-year-old actress looking so healthy. Boobjob or not, we always love us some **Lohan**!

What do you do if you're a pop singer whose career has hit the skids? Be like R&B diva **Toni Braxton** and let the world have a look at your panties and ass! We may not remember the fox's hit tunes, but we definitely won't forget these uplifting images, which were gleaned from German TV's *FIFA World Cup Ticket Show*. G-O-O-O-A-L!

Got any revealing pictures of well-known figures? Contact us by shooting off an e-mail to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

MOVIE Mammaries

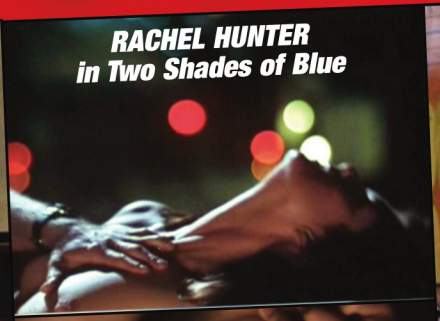
The "skin" flicks of Uma Thurman

DANGEROUS LIAISONS

UMA THURMAN has one of the most impressive bodies in Hollywood, and—thankfully—she doesn't mind getting naked. Starting with a topless scene in *Dangerous Liaisons* (1988), **Uma** has never been afraid to let the world have a peek. She soon followed with *The Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, which offers a glistening glance at her nubile nipples. Then came the comedy *Where the Heart Is*. The good news is the flick features a totally nude **Uma**; the bad news is that she's covered with body paint. For another eyeful of **Uma** titty, catch *Mad Dog and Glory* (1993). Since then, the leading lady has added only one film to her clothes-off résumé, 2000's French drama *Vatel*, a straight-to-video dud that exposes **Uma**'s ta-tas and sexy ass.

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

KELLY MONACO in Idle Hands



RACHEL HUNTER in Two Shades of Blue

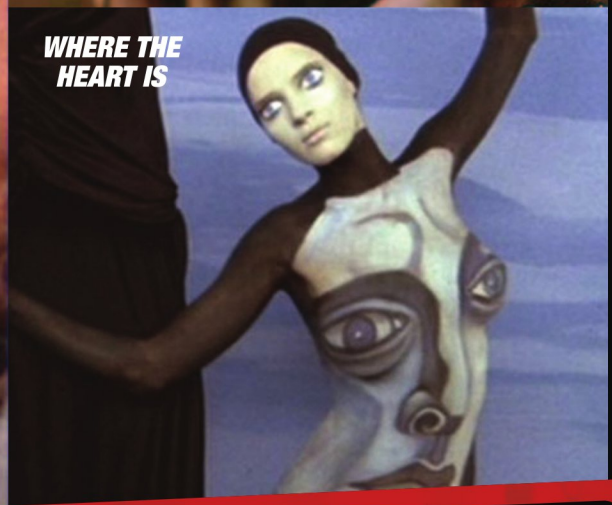
TATUM O'NEAL in Circle of Two

VIVICA A. FOX in Booty Call

VIDEO REVIEWS BY KEITH VALCOURT

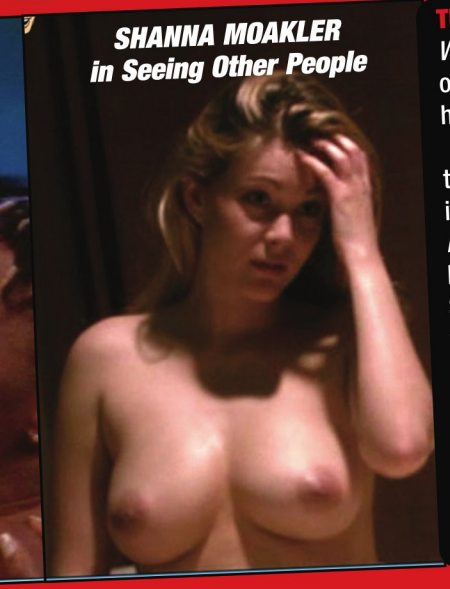
MAD DOG AND GLORY

VATEL



WHERE THE HEART IS

BONUS BOOBIES! Dancing With the Stars...Topless



SHANNA MOAKLER in *Seeing Other People*

THE ABC TELEVISION REALITY SHOW *Dancing With the Stars* is a huge hit. Week after week, tens of millions of viewers tune in to watch a bunch of has-been celebrities try to dance.

The first season of *DWTS* (2005) featured two tasty tarts who took topless turns in their early acting careers. Soap opera star **Kelly Monaco** (*General Hospital*) had a banner year in 1999 with boob-baring roles in *Late Last Night* and *Idle Hands*. Supermodel **Rachel Hunter** (who was once married to rocker **Rod Stewart**) gave us a moment of cinematic pleasure in *Two Shades of Blue*. Recently, Hunter performed a tantalizing striptease in the Fountains of Wayne rock video "Stacy's Mom."

Dancing's second season (2006) was notable because **Tatum O'Neal** was a contestant. Several decades ago the nubile, young **Tatum** (daughter of bloated actor **Ryan O'Neal**) became a very immodest film star. First, 1980's *Circle of Two* included a scene of **Tatum** frolicking naked. Later, *Little Darlings* let us see a little nipple. Finally, in 2002, **Tatum** performed another breast-baring love scene in the straight-to-video flop *Home Front*.

The latest season of *DWTS* includes two more lovely ladies who've given skintastic performances. **Vivica A. Fox** offered **Tom Cruise** some nasty bump-and-grind in **Oliver Stone**'s *Born on the Fourth of July*, then displayed her scrumptious chocolate melons in the aptly named comedy *Booty Call*. Meanwhile, **Shanna Moakler** (of *CSI* fame) showed off *her* ample bosom in 2004's *Seeing Other People*.

Every month we bring you the best in famous flesh. Let us know what you think by e-mailing *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

LARRY FLYNT'S HUSTLER CASINO LOS ANGELES

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 02.11.10

DA

ISY MARIE

BE ALL THAT YOU CAN BE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

DAISY MARIE

Although we don't agree with the Bush regime's reasoning for going to war in Iraq, we do support the troops. So does this tasty little tart. "I feel so bad for the guys fighting over there," Daisy Marie declares, "and I hope they can stay safe and will come home real soon. Maybe these pictures will make their ordeal a little easier."

Not only is Daisy a compassionate young woman, but she's also an aficionada of high-caliber weaponry. "I'm into big guns," she states unequivocally. "By that, I mean large cocks! I love a man with a massive member—as long as he knows how to use it. He also has to like eating pussy. I love it when a hot guy buries his face into my wet twat. If he does that right, I'm more than willing to return the favor and suck him hard."

Does Daisy recruit only hombres for bawdy bivouacs? "Hell, no!" she squeals. "Why would I restrict myself to that when there are so many sexy chicks out there who want to play with me too?"

How does the petite video vixen spend her free time away from the camera? "I work out like a fiend to keep my body tight," she answers. "I spend a couple of hours a day in the gym. I also enjoy swimming, running and riding my bike. For fun I'm into hitting the clubs. I hook up with some of my hottest Latina girlfriends, and we all go dancing. I love shaking my ass till the early morning light."

Where does delicious Daisy see herself in the future? "I love posing nude and making porn flicks," she pipes. "So I hope this can be my job for years to come. Maybe someday I'd like to settle down and have kids, but not for a long, long time!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

See Daisy Marie blossom in HUSTLER's *Aphrodisiac* and *Barely Legal Corrupted #4*, and in *Latina Dayworkers* and *Silver Lake Scenesters* from VCA. All titles available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

DAISY'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Los Angeles

AGE
21

BIRTH SIGN
Leo

EYES
smoky brown

HAIR
brown

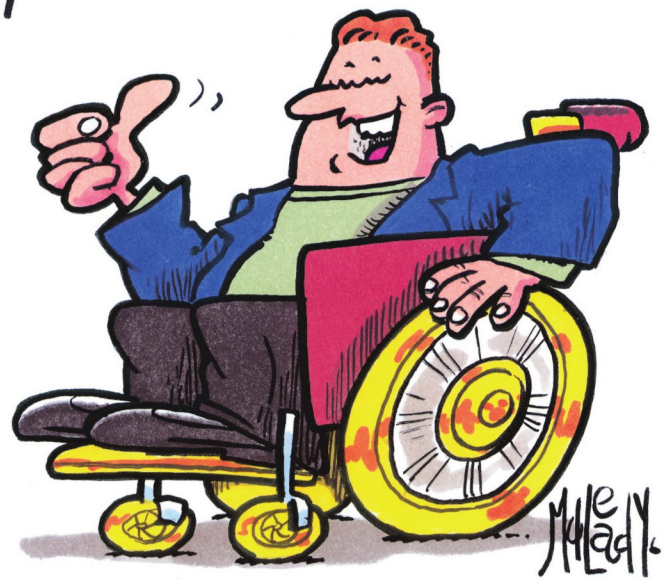
HEIGHT
5-2

WEIGHT
98

MEASUREMENTS
32B-22-32

"At the heart of the First Amendment is the recognition of the fundamental importance of the free flow of ideas. Freedom to speak one's mind is not only an aspect of individual liberty, but essential to the quest for truth and the vitality of society as a whole. In the world of debate about public affairs, many things done with motives that are less than admirable are nonetheless protected by the First Amendment."

—Chief Justice
William Rehnquist
Flynt v. Falwell
U.S. Supreme Court
1988



"PAY ATTENTION, CONGRESSMEN AND SENATORS."

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

PROF VS. HOROWITZ

Student reporter Lena Chen investigates what prompted a noted Harvard University graduate to battle one of America's most notorious right-wing agitators.

When David Horowitz's book—*The Professors: The 101 Most Dangerous Academics in America*—went on sale in early 2006, a storm of controversy and outrage erupted on college campuses nationwide. (*Editor's Note: Part 2 of HUSTLER's Q&A with Horowitz begins on page 60 of this issue.*) The book was essentially a hit list of "liberal" professors, and possible targets held their collective breath while flipping through the incendiary pages.

Harvard University, however, could rest easy. Despite its liberal climate and prominent reputation for Progressive thought, Harvard—located in Cambridge, Massachusetts—was one of the few top schools that had remained unscathed by Horowitz's critique. Well, *almost* unscathed.

While Horowitz didn't pick any current faculty member among his 101 "most dangerous," he *did* include Joel Beinin—a 1974 Harvard graduate. Beinin, who now teaches Middle East studies at California's Stanford University, has made a name for himself as a respected scholar and as a critic of Israel's human rights abuses.

Beinin's background and political leanings make him an easy target for conservatives. Campus-Watch.org (founded by Horowitz's right-wing pal Daniel Pipes) attacked Beinin's credibility in the classroom due to his "pro-Palestinian" viewpoints. Beinin, who is Jewish, argues that the U.S. and Israel should negotiate with the Palestinian Authority as a means toward peace.

Horowitz is a longtime critic of the outspoken professor, labeling Beinin an "apologist" and a "self-hating Jew." This past summer the neocon went a step further, publishing a pamphlet titled "Campus Leaders on Terror," which described Beinin as a supporter of the Palestinian Liberation Organization. Beinin's photograph even graced the cover, although Horowitz didn't have permission to use the image.

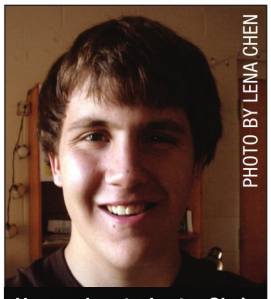


PHOTO BY LENA CHEN

Harvard student Chris Murphy: Beinin should challenge Horowitz, but not in a legal skirmish.

Disputing the allegations, Beinin has struck back. But rather than pursue charges of libel (usually difficult to prove in court), the tenured Stanford professor has taken a clever—and less risky—tack. First, Beinin obtained legal rights to the pamphlet photo from the photographer, then later sued Horowitz for using it without authorization.

Shortly thereafter, in a letter to *The Stanford Daily*, Horowitz fired off a cannon shot of his own: "If Joel Beinin thinks that my assessment of his work…is false and is an attempt to 'destroy his reputation'…why doesn't he sue me for libel? The answer is that *truth* is a defense against libel, and Beinin (or his lawyer) knows this."

PHOTO BY RICK E. MARTIN/*SAN JOSE MERCURY NEWS*

Branded a "dangerous academic" by neocon David Horowitz (inset), Stanford University's Joel Beinin is fighting back. He asserts that keeping silent hurts the cause of intelligent discussion.

The right-winger also claims that the lawsuit is meant to intimidate him into silence, violating his freedom of speech. Horowitz maintains that Beinin is taking an "underhanded" approach by suing him over a copyright that the plaintiff did not own at the time "Campus Leaders on Terror" was published. The Horowitz-Beinin clash has already sparked debate on both the Harvard and Stanford campuses.

Harvard sophomore Frances Martel says that Professor Beinin shouldn't be surprised to find himself in the limelight. "If you're going to attack Israel, especially in academia and in this day and age," she says, "you have to expect that reaction."

Argues Harvard student Chris Murphy: "The root of Horowitz's argument is in the text, not in the photograph. *Beinin* is pushing for censorship in this case."

Considering Horowitz's pamphlet a threat to academic freedom, Professor Beinin vows to battle to the bitter end. "If you don't fight back," he told the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "[if you] allow the Horowitzes to do and say what they want, it pollutes the political environment to the point where you can't have intelligent discussions about what we do in the world."

As a result of the lawsuit, Beinin's now-copyrighted image has been removed from future printings of "Campus Leaders on Terror," but the ideological debate rages on.

Lena Chen, a sophomore sociology major at Harvard University, writes for the Ivy League school's venerable daily newspaper, The Harvard Crimson.

Attention college journalists: If you have an idea for a news story involving your school, contact us at *HUSTLER@lfp.com.*

TIA

Here are some interesting facts about cigars you may not know.

★ The arrival of Christopher Columbus in the New World led to the first recorded observation of the cigar. On October 28, 1492, the explorer noted in a log that natives burned and inhaled leaves of a local plant. Rodrigo de Xeres, a Columbus lieutenant, became the first European to give it a try and continued to smoke the Indians' stogies throughout the expedition.

★ The English word *cigar* evolved from the ancient Mayan word for smoking, *sikar*. Hence, what primitive smokers puffed on was called a *ciq-sigan*, which the Spanish conquistadors dubbed *cigarro*.

★ The ancient Indians of South and Central America did not manufacture cigars as they are known today. Tobacco was wrapped in maize, palm or other vegetation.

★ The Spanish are credited with establishing the cigar industry.

★ English explorer Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco from Puerto Rico to London, where he set up a company that bears his name to this day.

★ The tradition of cigar-smoking was introduced to North America in 1650 with the arrival of European settlers. It was considered a luxury of the upper class for many years.

★ Former President Bill Clinton admitted to once putting a cigar into Monica Lewinsky's vagina and then later smoking it.

★ In 2006 more than 13.4 billion cigars were sold. The average price was $7 each. Damn, look at Tia. She sure is smoking!

& JULIAN

STORY OF THE CIGAR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS RIFTER

See Tia smoke up a storm in *Asian Fever #28*, *Asian Fever Anniversary* and *Beaver Hunt #3* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY TOM FARRELL

Aphrodisiac: *Evan Stone gives Memphis Monroe the hammer of the gods.*

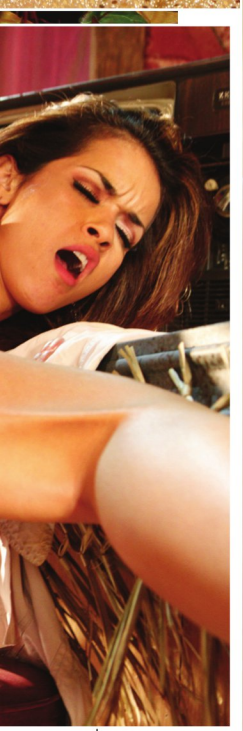
Aphrodisiac

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** JEROME TANNER. **STARRING:** MEMPHIS MONROE, DAISY MARIE, EVA ANGELINA, JASMINE BYRNE, SANDRA ROMAIN, MISSY MONROE, NAOMI, EVAN STONE, TOMMY GUNN, LEE STONE AND STEVE HOLMES.

HUSTLER Video's biggest-budget release to date looks like money well spent, and you'll be spent after seeing it. *Aphrodisiac* tells the tale of a fortune-seeker named Dakota Smith (convincingly portrayed by Evan Stone), who leads an expediton in search of a mystical sexual elixir that has driven many a man to his ruin. Stone is the Clint Eastwood of adult cinema, a testament against the "porn stars can't act" fable—and is just as cool in non-sex roles as he is when laying pipe. Stone first gets down to business in a cantina with beautiful Daisy Marie, setting the tone for *Aphrodisiac*'s numerous hot sex scenes, notably the next one—a ghostly encounter with Missy Monroe and Jasmine Byrne. The plot thickens when Stone and his cohorts discover a magical mirror that transports them to an ancient land. There Stone encounters the object of his desire, the goddess Aphrodite, embodied by Memphis Monroe. We won't spoil the ending, but we will tell you that the sex and the journey are worth the ride. *Aphrodisiac* also contains a bonus disc packed with extra features, including a visit behind the scenes and hot sex talk with the film's alluring ladies. ***—Barry Allen***

Daisy Marie doesn't need an ***Aphrodisiac****; she'd rather be Evan Stoned!*

Aphrodisiac's top-billed Memphis Monroe lures the Evan bone, then drains it (below).



Retro Porn

Titles Make Their Way to DVD

Over the past decade, tons of titles have been dusted off and rereleased on DVD, giving new generations a chance to see some of the classic Golden Age of XXX titles. We now take a look at seven hardcore titles that are finally seeing the light of day on DVD.

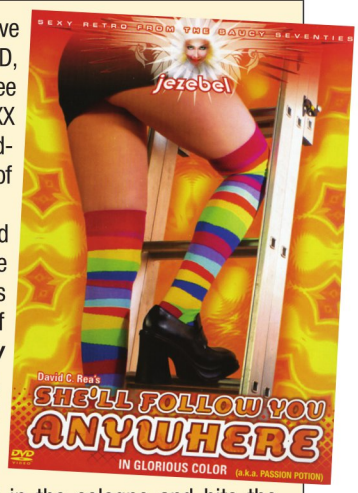
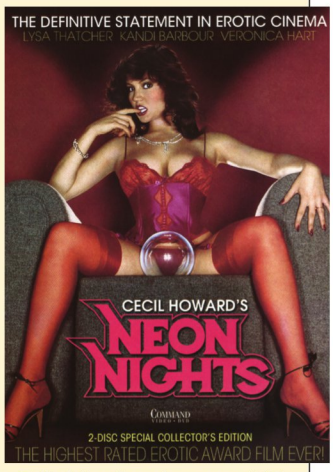

SEXY RETRO FROM THE SAUCY SEVENTIES
jezebel
David C. Rea's
SHE'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE
IN GLORIOUS COLOR (a.k.a. PASSION POTION)

Image Entertainment and **Jezebel/Salvation Films UK** have dusted off two classic British sex romps that capture the spirit and fashion of mod-swinging London. ***She'll Follow You Anywhere***, a/k/a *Passion Potion*, tells the tale of a new scent with incredible aphrodisiacal properties. Our hero, who looks like he fell off the cover of *Sgt. Pepper*, drowns himself in the cologne and hits the streets, where he discovers the old axiom about too much of a good thing. The movie features Hammer horror lovelies Mary and Madeleine Collinson (*Twins of Evil*) and Penny Brahms *(Dracula A.D. 1972*). What's interesting is that even though this film pulled an X rating in its original release (1971), there's absolutely no nudity! However, there's plenty of Benny Hill-styled naughtiness and romping around. If released today, *She'll Follow You Anywhere* would probably receive a PG rating.

The same goes for ***Loving Feeling***, which hit theaters in 1968. The story seems to foresee the DJ culture, focusing on a disc jockey and his rampant miniskirted groupies. *Loving Feeling* looks like it was costumed by alumni of the *Brady Bunch*. Both movies are in the must-see category for their time capsule value, depicting the Austin Powers-like groovy London of yore.


THE DEFINITIVE STATEMENT IN EROTIC CINEMA
LYSA THATCHER KANDI BARBOUR VERONICA HART
CECIL HOWARD'S
NEON NIGHTS
COMMAND
2-DISC SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
THE HIGHEST RATED EROTIC AWARD FILM EVER!

Moving on to harder digs, the folks at **Kitty Media** have released two of XXXdom's highest-rated affairs, courtesy of legendary director **Cecil Howard**. "There has never been an X-rated film like this one!" touted *Screw* magazine's review of ***Neon Nights***. *Playboy* called it "the grand master of erotic films," while AVN opined, "among the very best adult films ever made." A wild, surrealistic journey into the mind of a troubled girl, *Neon Nights* brings to mind director Federico Fellini *(continued on page 147)*

Guards aren't the only ones getting access to Teagan Presley's mound. Tommy Gunn fires off a load in ***Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1.***

Centerfolds: *Brittney Skye blows a lot more than Mick Blue's mind.*

Yeah, that looks like a comfortable position for a ***Centerfolds*** *scene. Monica Sweetheart and Anthony Hardwood think so.*

Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** RICHARD HAMILTON. **STARRING:** MONICA SWEETHEART, TEAGAN PRESLEY, LANNY BARBY, LEXIE MARIE, CARLY PARKER, PATRICIA PETITE, BRITTNEY SKYE, RITA FALTOYANO, SHY LOVE, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, TOMMY GUNN, TALON, ANDREA MORANTI, JEAN VAL JEAN, MICK BLUE, RANDY SPEARS AND TRENT TESORO.

Considering how selective Larry Flynt was about who made the final cut for his scalding-hot *Centerfolds* series, you know *Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1* is the *creme de la creme*. There's almost three hours of unadulterated sex as Larry picks his top eight scenes, featuring nine of the hottest chicks from the HUSTLER Video arsenal. These cock-crazy cuties earn their keep too. Brittney Skye, Rita Faltoyano, Shy Love and Patricia Petite all take it up the ass, while Lanny Barby one-ups them with a balls-to-the-wall D.P. Plus, luscious Teagan Presley adds some kinky flair thanks to an unusual contraption. With stars handpicked by the man himself, *Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol.1* is arguably the ultimate HUSTLER DVD. ***—Squirt Reynolds***

Monica's a sweetheart for taking care of Anthony's hard wood in ***Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1.***

Lanny Barby isn't going to pay a lot for that muffler! Andrea Moranti and Talon help discount her repair bill in ***Centerfolds: Larry Flynt's Private Collection Vol. 1.***

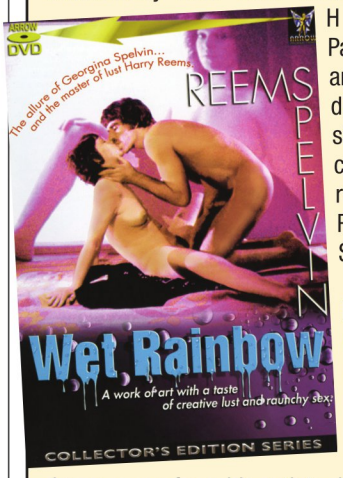
Centerfolds: *"Say ahhh!" Spunky Lanny Barby gets her talons on Talon and Andrea Moranti.*

Centerfolds: *Randy Spears and Tommy Gunn on a late-night talk show? No, but Rita Faltoyano provides something you don't normally get in the Green Room.*

RetroPorn Titles Make Their Way to DVD

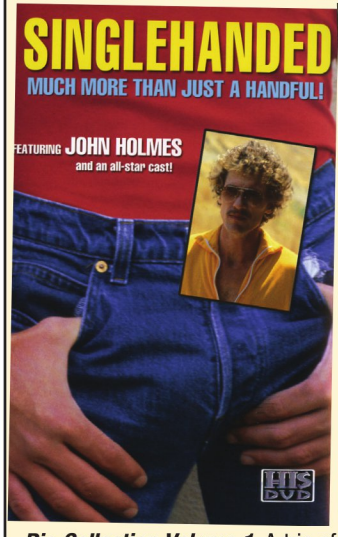
(continued from page 145) himself and features a host of special effects that were quite over the top for its day. Filmed in 1981, *Neon Nights* stars Lysa Thatcher, Veronica Hart, Jody Maxwell, Jamie Gillis and Eric Edwards.

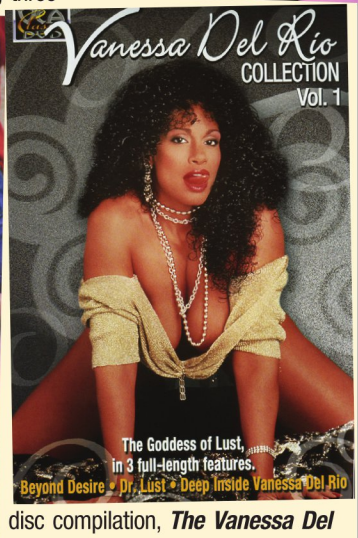
Also from Kitty Media comes the critically-lauded ***Babylon Pink***, which proclaims itself to be "The Highest Rated Film Ever" from our very own HUSTLER Magazine. The two-disc set houses an updated sound mixed to 5.1 stereo, as well as the original tracking. There's a commentary from Cecil Howard and Henri Pachard, never-seen-before outtakes and the theatrical trailer. The second disc features the "softer" cable TV version, interviews with the cast and crew, and a photo gallery. The 1981 release stars legends Vanessa Del Rio, Samantha Fox and Georgina Spelvin.


ARROW DVD
The allure of Georgina Spelvin... and the master of lust Harry Reems
REEMS SPELVIN
Wet Rainbow
A work of art with a taste of creative lust and raunchy sex
COLLECTOR'S EDITION SERIES

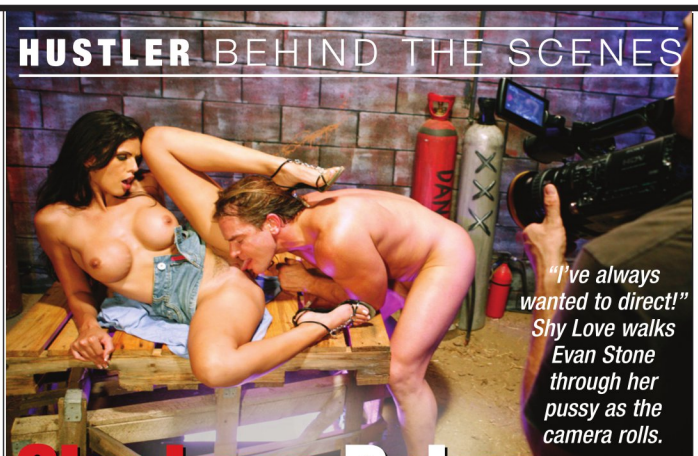
Arrow Productions, the Rolls-Royce of smut's Golden Age, has released 1973's opus ***Wet Rainbow***. Harry Reems plays a college professor who's drawn away from his artist wife (Georgina Spelvin) by a nude model named Rainbow. Of course, carnality ensues.

Last but certainly not least, VCA Classics has a handful of outings that belong in your DVD player. The sequel to *Sexscapades*, 1988's ***Great Sexpectations***, stars Kelly Nichols and Honey Wilder in a well-lensed scorcher. ***Singlehanded*** is a great starting-off place for John Holmes fans, featuring seven scenes from his heyday. Finally, VCA Classics offers up a stunning three-disc compilation, ***The Vanessa Del Rio Collection Volume 1.*** A trio of the busty, lusty Puerto Rican's most memorable flicks—*Beyond Desire, Dr. Lust* and the Dark Brothers epic, *Deep Inside Vanessa Del Rio*—are finally on DVD.




VCA Classics
Vanessa Del Rio
COLLECTION
Vol. 1
The Goddess of Lust, in 3 full-length features.
Beyond Desire • Dr. Lust • Deep Inside Vanessa Del Rio

HUSTLER BEHIND THE SCENES



"I've always wanted to direct!" Shy Love walks Evan Stone through her pussy as the camera rolls.

Shy Love Pokes Fun at Hit Dot-Com

THE VIRTUAL COMMUNITY MYSPACE dominates the online world. Inspired by the popularity of the Web site, multitalented Shy Love—HUSTLER Video's new contract star—decided to add a sexy new twist to the concept, a hard-core spoof titled *Myxxxpornspace.com*. Besides calling the shots, Shy will also be one of the stars, along with Nikki Benz, Hillary Scott, Alektra Blue, Leanni Lei, Tory Lane, Barry Scott, Evan Stone and Jack Lawrence.

Shy Love gives Alektra Blue and Nikki Benz (right) tips on the fine art of dildoing.

Shy Love proves to be quite the workhorse in her directorial debut, lensing five scenes in one massive, all-day shoot. Once the curlers are removed from her thick, wavy hair, Shy checks to make sure her "pussy smells good and tastes good." She is good to go.

The movie gets started as Love meets a lady killer (Evan Stone) in a coffee shop. The two characters, who had previously met through a Web site, decide to hook up in person. Stone's proposal to Love is a one-time friendly fuck with no strings attached in the alley across the street. Love obliges, and off they go. As soon as the couple arrives at the dirty fuck spot, clothes are ripped off, and Love and Stone engage in a primitive sexual encounter. After fucking in various positions, Love finally takes Stone's cock deep in her ass. This anal scene is the highlight of the film.

"And so the Pope says, 'That's not my holy water sprinkler!'" Cameramen Matt Holden (left) and Mile Long entertain Hillary Scott.

We are then treated to Alektra Blue and Nikki Benz in a sizzling lesbo tryst. According to Alektra, "Nikki and I work very well together." It's quickly apparent that the girls know each other's bodies well. The blond and brunette contrast adds to this delicious scene.

In an ironic note, afterward, Nikki states, "My MySpace account was deleted today, but I was able to call and complain and get my account back online." She has over 71,000 friends and fans at MySpace.

Also on hand was a special guest. Shy Love has donated to many cancer research organizations in the past, and to raise even more money, last summer she organized a silent auction to bid on "A Day on a HUSTLER Set With Shy Love." The proceeds went to Shy's favorite charitable cause, and one lucky fan got to meet the lady and watch her hard at work in *Myxxxpornspace.com*. **—James Smith**

Britney Rears #3: *Yo, ho, Afro! Jasmine Byrne and Marco Banderas check out each other's 'fros while leading lady Hillary Scott looks on.*

Hillary can't believe she ate the whole thing, and neither can John E. Depth.

Britney Rears #3: Britney Gets Shafted

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** WILL RIDER. **STARRING:** HILLARY SCOTT, JASMINE BYRNE, JENNA PRESLEY, KAT, ALANA EVANS, VICTORIA SWEET, MELISSA MARTINEZ, NAOMI, JOHN E. DEPTH, TOMMY GUNN, JAMES DEEN, KURT LOCKWOOD, JOHNNY CASTLE AND MARCO BANDERAS.

Britney Rears is back, and she goes back to the future in *Britney Rears #3: Britney Gets Shafted*. Our pop-star heroine time-travels to the '70s for a dose of Afros, leisure suits, disco and no-holes-barred sex. Stepping into the role that Jessica Sweet made famous, superstar Hillary Scott does a bang-up job. First, John E. Depth stretches her pussy to the limit in a hot interracial scene, then Kurt Lockwood reams her asshole in the white-hot finale. Babes Jasmine Byrne and Jenna Presley handle cock like Picasso with a paint brush, but it's the swingin'-'70s group-sex scenes that take this flick to the max. *Britney Rears #3* is sexy fun for couples, but has more than enough blistering heat to keep single dudes happy too. Plus, the entire original installment—*Britney Rears: Wild Back Stage Sex Party*—is included as a bonus disc. **—S.R.**

Hillary Scott also gets shafted courtesy of John E. Depth in **Britney Rears #3.**

Christmas in Memphis

SANTA CLAUS won't be the only one coming this holiday season. HUSTLER contract girls Memphis Monroe, Mya Luanna and Shy Love will give you a good reason to visit the North Pole with *Christmas in Memphis*, a holiday-themed sextravaganza guaranteed to deck your balls.

"It was just like I was back home in Kentucky," says a beaming Memphis, decked out in a HUSTLER top and a plaid micro-miniskirt revealing her shapely bare behind. "It was really a lot of fun. We shot it in a huge homey house with a big Christmas tree and snow falling outside and lots of presents everywhere. I always go commando. You'll never catch me in panties!"

Evan Stone starts his holiday feast with Memphis Monroe.

Christmas in Memphis, directed by Jerome Tanner, will warm the cockles of your heart with a potpourri of sex scenes. Truly unforgettable is a threeway under the Yule tree with Memphis Monroe, Mya Luanna and Shy Love. "We got into a lot of fun positions," Memphis recalls with a smile. "The triangle was great. The whole movie is a kind of a POV for the viewer."

Christmas in Memphis is stuffed with the best gift of all: gorgeous vixens going ho, ho, ho!

NOW PLAYING ON
HUSTLER TV

HUSTLER'S
BARELY LEGAL #58
JULES JORDAN'S
BREAST WORSHIP
HUSTLER'S
BACKWOODS OF MEMPHIS
RED LIGHT'S
LINGERIE #2
EVIL ANGEL'S
BIG BOOTY LATIN MOMS
HARMONY'S
SLAM IT! IN DEEPER
EVIL ANGEL'S
THIS BUTT'S 4U2
HUSTLER'S
WORLD POKE HER TOUR
SEX-Z'S
BUTT ROCKERS
SORORITY SEX'S
KAPPA SEX PARTY

See Memphis in **HUSTLER's Backwoods Of Memphis.**

Teagan's Juice: *"You wanna put it where?!" Ms. Presley asks Erik Everhard.*

Juice: *Naomi says howdy to Scott Nails.*

The Fling: *It's Sapphic Twister with cheeky Faith, flicking Tory Lane and toy-wielding Sue Diamond.*

Teagan's Juice

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: CELESTE. STARRING: TEAGAN PRESLEY, SOPHIA SANTI, CELESTE STAR, CHARLIE LAINE, CODI MILO, MICHELLE MAYLENE, NAOMI, ERIK EVERHARD, JERRY, MARCO BANDERAS AND SCOTT NAILS.

Shot entirely on HD, with Dolby Digital surround sound, *Teagan's Juice* features wall-to-wall Teagan Presley. The babe appears in the majority of the scenes, including an anal with Erik Everhard and two other boy/girl matchups—one with Jerry and the other with Marco Banderas. Both guys end their scenes with a nice pop-shot on Teagan's tight body. Teagan also does a masturbation solo, fucking herself with a red glass dildo. Sophia Santi has a masturbation scene of her own as well, but she prefers something softer. She teases some bananas with her mouth while licking, stroking and sucking them. After rubbing one outside her pussy, she later slides a condom-protected banana inside her and proceeds to deliciously bang herself. Along the way, Teagan and Codi Milo hook up. This lezzie session takes place in a bubblebath, where the two lovely ladies give each other their own tongue bath, feast on each other's shaved clits and finger each other. The XXX fun continues with a threeway featuring Teagan, Charlie Laine and Celeste Star. The girls are very desirable and have great chemistry. Nice eye candy *and* heat make a great combo. When Michelle Maylene shows up, there's more food play as the trollop plays with and sucks an ice cream bar as Scott Nails is sleeping in the same room. She wakes him up, and they start to go at it, offering plenty of oral action. Maylene sucks both Scott's cock and the ice cream bar. Then she takes it from behind, missionary and reverse cowgirl. After sticking it to her, Scott pops his load in Maylene's face and mouth. Really?!? ***—J.S.***

The Fling

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: KELLY HOLLAND. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, BROOKE, VERONICA RAYNE, FAITH, SUE DIAMOND, TORY LANE, RANDY SPEARS, BARRETT BLADE, JOHNNY CASTLE, FRANKO DEL TORO, BRAD ARMSTRONG AND STEVEN ST. CROIX.

Jessica Drake, star of almost 200 movies in her seven-year career, convincingly plays an inexperienced bride-to-be looking to sow her wild oats in *The Fling*. Thankfully, Jessica's real-life experience kicks in as the hot blonde gets her premarital jollies in spectacular fashion. She goes from giving Barrett Blade a ball-draining blowjob to licking her fiancé's cum off her ass to taking it up said ass from Brad Armstrong. To get even, groom-to-be Randy Spears goes out and bangs three hot girls at once. Faith, Sue Diamond and Tory Lane take him on, but he freaks out and takes off when they stick a dildo up his butt. Undeterred, the girls continue on without him in a writhing lesbian orgy. Throw in a short but sweet threeway from Jessica's slutty girlfriend Brooke and the sight of deep-throater Veronica Rayne resting balls on her chin, and you really got something. *The Fling* is as romantic as it is hard-core. ***—Kevin Wright***

The Fling: *Johnny Castle gets a Brooke blowjob (and a little shuteye) while Franko Del Toro covers the rear flank.*

Rebecca Linares epitomizes ***In Thru the Back Door****.*

In Thru the Back Door

VOUYER MEDIA. **DIRECTOR:** VINCE VOUYER. **STARRING:** SASHA GREY, KAYLYNN, REBECA LINARES, JASMINE TAME, SAMANTHA SIN, VINCE VOUYER, BRIAN PUMPER, SCOTT LYONS AND STEVE TAYLOR.

Just 18, Sasha Grey is already making a huge splash in XXX. Exhibit A is her ostensible debut, *In Thru the Back Door*. The sultry Miss Grey doesn't just lie there and take it up her juicy bubble butt like so many porn starlets her age. She fiends for it like a junkie and rides Vince Vouyer harder than a Harley in need of a tune-up, all while shouting salty invectives like "I'm a bitch? You're a fucking bitch, fucking fucker!" It should be noted, however, that *motherfucker* is her preferred term of endearment. Spanish import Rebeca Linares is another rising star who loves to get nasty, superbly handling an intense D.P. with Vouyer and Scott Lyons. The stars are all top-shelf honeys with asses to die for, but there may be too much of a good thing. Each vignette is around 40 minutes or so, and Kaylynn goes for almost a half hour before she even starts to take it in the ass. Still, you'll get over that. *In Thru the Back Door* is a must-see thanks to Sasha Grey and company. ***—K.W.***

SirRodney

Love is in the air, and online. Let Sir Rodney be your porn cupid...

Read full reviews at SirRodney.com

OUTDOOR BACKDOOR

Wild anal sex in the wilds... What some would call a most unnatural act taking place in the most natural of settings, such as deep in the woods, in the mud, on beaches, and in front of waterfalls. Excellent quality and superior features.

I FEEL MYSELF

For the voyeur in you, I Feel Myself is amateur porn at its finest; this is a great collection of female masturbation. Sometimes awkward positions and less than ideal lighting create a very real sexperience for the viewer.

BORN TO PORN

No mother will ever admit that their baby is ugly, which is why Sir Rodney sees it as his duty to set the record straight about this fledgling site... Born to Porn may be your baby if you're one or more of the following: cheap, desperate or on a road trip.

AV9898

We have no idea what AV9898 stands for, but Konichi Wawa!! This is the real deal: real, uncensored Japanese porn at its finest. It's 100% exclusive and original, and the girls are wasabi hot. I think I'm turning Japanese, I really think so!

Go to SirRodney.com

Smart, funny, free unbiased reviews of 2000 adult sites, plus free galleries and a user's guide to online erotica. Happy horny Valentine's Day, porn afficianados!

http://www.SirRodney.com

JASMINE BYRNE

SEX BY DESIGN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

JASMINE

Fans of XXX cinema will easily recognize this red-hot Latina's stunning body. The beautiful Jasmine Byrne has starred in more than 200 erotic films, but the precocious Californian was an avid fuck bunny long before venturing into the skin biz. "I have always been adventurous and unusually curious when it comes to sex," she confides. "At an early age I was horny, and I lost my virginity at 12. Once I came of age, I answered an ad in a local newspaper for adult models, and things blossomed from there. Porn allows me to fulfill my desires while making a decent living."

Besides screwing—for the camera and her own personal delight—the exotic honey has another interesting pursuit. "I sometimes work as a dominatrix," Jasmine reveals. "It's kind of fun to beat some guy, knowing he enjoys it." Does that mean the diminutive nympho needs to be in charge when she's getting it on? "I love to be on top," she replies, "but I'm willing to give myself over to a guy if it's going to bring me some pleasure."

While Jasmine continues to add to her impressive body of work, she already has her sights set on another showbiz career. "When porn no longer wants me," she says, "I hope to be a pop songwriter. I write ballad lyrics all the time and would love to have them sung by someone like Mariah Carey, Madonna or Christina Aguilera. It would be nice to hear one of my tunes on the radio."

Right now it's nice seeing Jasmine Byrne writhing in the nude.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JASMINE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN
Riverside, California

AGE
20

BIRTH SIGN
Capricorn

EYES
brown

HAIR
brown

HEIGHT
5-2

WEIGHT
115

MEASUREMENTS
36B-24-36

See Jasmine Byrne go wild in *Aphrodisiac*, *Britney Rears #3*, *Backwoods of Memphis*, *Barely Legal Corruption #1* and *Beaver Hunt #7* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"We'll have to invent a cover-up story. All the tests conclude he died of embarrassment!"

(continued from page 11) circles around the bunny mag.

I'd also like to mention that the guy who wrote a *Feedback* letter about former wrestler Tylene Buck was right on the money. This bitch has got it wherever you look. I'm delighted that Tylene left the ring and headed for the camera.

Finally, a busty blonde named Candy Manson has appeared in a competing publication. Besides having a body that screams "Fuck me!," Candy seems to lack any morals whatsoever. She'd be perfect for HUSTLER! **—S.B.**
Chicago, Illinois

F*#&! Fox

Would Fox News wipe its ass with a copy of HUSTLER Magazine? Probably not. Is Fox News fair and balanced? Hardly. For decades, conservatives have alleged that America's media is liberal.

I recently began reading the 1997 Feral House book *Grossed-Out Surgeon Vomits Inside Patient!: An Insider's Look at Supermarket Tabloids*. On page 22 the author, Jim Hogshire, states that Fox News owner "Rupert Murdoch began the *Star* in 1974, no doubt inspired by the success of the *National Enquirer*." The book also claims that it was the *Star* which caught Bill Clinton in the Gennifer Flowers scandal.

Could all of this be true? It would certainly explain Fox's sensationalistic tactics and the network's decision to make Bill O'Reilly—the former host of *Inside Edition*—its nightly pundit. I think a well-researched exposé of Rupert Murdoch is in order.
—Wylie Hnat
Iowa City, Iowa

We may just do that. Meanwhile, check out *Outfoxed: Rupert Murdoch's War on Journalism* from filmmaker Robert Greenwald.

No More Freaks

I have been a HUSTLER reader for more than 30 years. I'm 59 now, and it seems that I have lost interest in your magazine. It is moving into areas I feel should be left alone, namely tattooed models and monster/freak people. Monsters and freaks belong in the carnival; they have nothing to do with a fine piece of ass.

HUSTLER is now blending sex with freaks, outcasts and other ugly factors. You should showcase beautiful women, not freaks.
—Lover of the Art of Flesh
Phoenix, Arizona

Dickless DVDs?

I am writing in regard to the DVDs that come free with each newsstand issue of HUSTLER. The content of each one has been slipping on a downward spiral lately. In short, how about less dick and more pussy? I'd love it if every DVD packaged with the magazine was strictly lesbian action. Please make this happen. **—Tommy Tobin**
Las Vegas, Nevada

Wow! You offer something for free—a hard-core DVD no less—and people still complain.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to HUSTLER@lfp.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

THE LATEST ELECTION DAY TACTIC IN REPUBLICAN-CONTROLLED STATES FOR BLACK VOTING PRECINCTS.
POLLING PLACE 53rd FLOOR
SORRY
ELEVATORS NOT IN SERVICE
J. Billette

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

1. Publication Title: HUSTLER; 2. Publication No.: 0149-4635; 3. Filing Date: October 1, 2006; 4. Issue Frequency: Monthly, except twice in May; 5. Number of Issues Published Annually: 13; 6. Annual Subscription Price: $39.95; 7. Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication: 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; Contact Person: Donna Hahner; Telephone: 323-651-5400; 8. Complete Mailing Address of Headquarters or General Business Office of Publisher: 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; 9. Full Names and Complete Mailing Addresses of Publisher, Editor and Managing Editor: Publisher: Larry Flynt, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; Editor: Bruce David, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; Managing Editor: N. Morgen Hagen, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; 10. Owner: LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; 11. Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent or More of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities: None; 12. Tax Status: Has Not Changed in Preceding 12 Months; 13. Publication Title: HUSTLER; 14. Issue Date for Circulation Data Below: December 2006; 15. Extent and Nature of Circulation: Average Number Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months: A. Total Number of Copies (Net Press Run): 376,577; B. Paid and/or Requested Circulation: (1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541: 38,135; (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541: 0; (3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution: 153,729; (4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; C. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 191,864; D. Free Distribution by Mail: (1) Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541: 284; (2) In-County as Stated on Form 3541: 0; (3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; E. Free Distribution Outside the Mail: 0; F. Total Free Distribution: 284; G. Total Distribution: 192,148; H. Copies Not Distributed: 184,429; I. Total: 376,577; J. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 99.8%; Number Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date: A. Total Number of Copies (Net Press Run): 355,325; B. Paid and/or Requested Circulation: (1) Paid/Requested Outside-County Mail Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541: 37,691; (2) Paid In-County Subscriptions Stated on Form 3541: 0; (3) Sales Through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors, Counter Sales, and Other Non-USPS Paid Distribution: 151,062; (4) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; C. Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 188,753; D. Free Distribution by Mail: (1) Outside-County as Stated on Form 3541: 268; (2) In-County as Stated on Form 3541: 0; (3) Other Classes Mailed Through the USPS: 0; E. Free Distribution Outside the Mail: 0; F. Total Free Distribution: 268; G.Total Distribution: 189,021; H. Copies Not Distributed: 166,304; I. Total: 355,325; J. Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation: 99.8%; 16. Publication of Statement of Ownership will be printed in February '07 issue of this publication.